PENTHOUSE

MAY / JUNE 2021

with
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+
HARLI LOTTS

THE REBELS & RENEGADES ISSUE

THE ETERNAL HUSTLER
REMEMBERING LARRY FLYNT

WHAT A RUSH !
DEFINING LIMBAUGH'S LEGACY

TWERKING IT
RIDING CARDI B's 'WAP' WAVE

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FROM THE EDITOR

SADLY, in February the world lost Larry Flynt, a notorious champion of sexual liberty and, without doubt, one the greatest advocates for First Amendment freedoms. The cigar-chomping libertarian, who had long thrived on controversy, died in Los Angeles at age 78. But he's a reminder for us to never take freedom of expression for granted. Find out more about his grit-to-glitter story in *The Eternal Hustler*, our feature on page 100.

As the weather changes up, it's the perfect time to give your look a freshen-up by using some of the tips and tricks in our High Life section on page 54.

We also have *The Queen of Pop Art*, a fantastic feature about Cavanagh Foyle, whose alter ego is Irish artist Mother Pop, the creator of eye-catching, provocative pieces.

This issue's In Focus puts the spotlight on Dustin Hollywood, a Miami-based photographer and filmmaker with an eye for sensual portraits.

Our Man of the Moment is Drew Brees, the former New Orleans Saints quarterback, who played in the NFL for 20 seasons and has officially retired. We're all looking forward to hearing his insights in his new broadcasting gig with *NBC Sunday Night Football*.

Plus, as always, we have plenty of irresistible beauties, including Penthouse Pet Tru Kait on page 86, shot by photographer Gerald de Behr; Penthouse Pet Harli Lotts on page 106, shot by Ms. Sands, Social Premiere stunner Jungle Johanna on page 66, shot by Natalie Harrison and Cyber Cutie Anissa Miller on page 26, shot by Evans Daza.

We hope you enjoy the magazine!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

DENUNCIATION OF THE REAGAN REGIME
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2006 PET OF THE YEAR!
Naked Ambition Winner's Photos

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DEBRIEF

COKED-UP RATS COULD BE THE KEY TO CURING DEPRESSION, GAMERS ASKED TO 'STOP HAVING SEX WITH KEANU REEVES' AND WELCOME TO BREXIT, NOW HAM IT OVER

CREDIT: JUN

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

HIGH-TECH BRAIN IMPLANTS COULD TREAT DEPRESSION

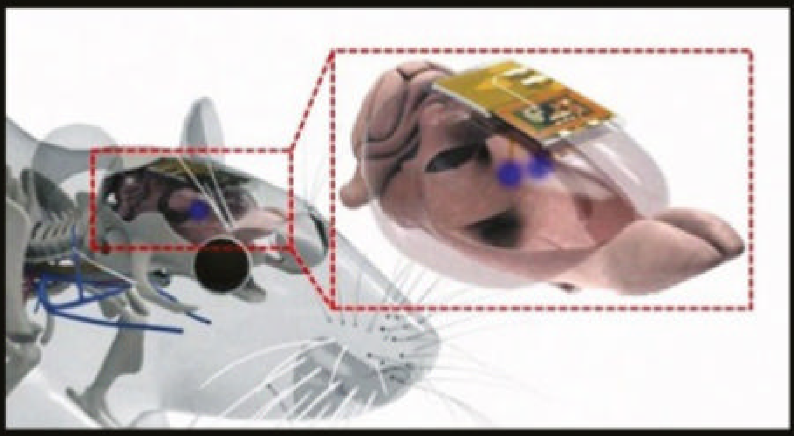
KOREAN scientists have developed a brain implant that can be recharged and controlled wirelessly using a smartphone.

The Bluetooth nanochip is said to be the size of a grain of salt and is able to deliver LED light to neurons via a smartphone app, allowing real-time control of the brain.

Researchers at the Korea Advanced Institute of Science and Technology demonstrated how the implant can manipulate the brain in an experiment by injecting rats with cocaine. The implants successfully suppressed the rats' cocaine-induced erratic behaviors, according to Jeong-Hoon Kim, a professor at Yonsei University's College of Medicine.

He said: "The fact that we can control a specific behavior of animals, by delivering light stimulation into the brain just with a simple manipulation of a smartphone app, watching freely moving animals nearby, is very interesting and stimulates a lot of imagination."

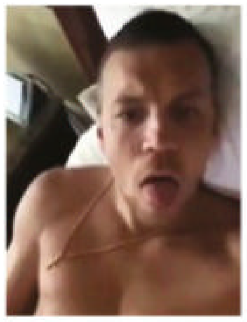
Scientists hope the implant could eventually treat depression and other illnesses.



INSERT: The therapeutic wireless implant could help people with Parkinson's disease by targeting specific neurons, hope researchers in South Korea (IMAGE: NATURE COMMUNICATIONS)

CREDIT: IAREMENKO

Russian Pilots Get Cocky

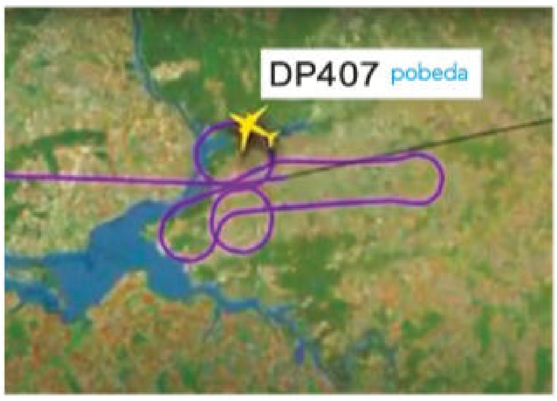


TWO pilots from Pobeda Airlines are under investigation after using their flight path to draw a giant penis on radar while flying over Russia in what officials are calling a strange act of solidarity with a Russian soccer captain.

The crew of the airline allegedly took the X-rated detour to show their support for their country's team captain, Artem Dzyuba, who was suspended after a video showing him masturbating in bed was leaked online.

A spokesperson for the airline said: "This was probably the way in which Pobeda captains expressed their support to the Russian team captain and showed their attitude to him being bullied."

The Boeing 737 jet arrived at its destination 20 minutes later than scheduled.



My Hangover Will Go On

WE'VE all had those days where we've had to live with the consequences of our drunken actions, but one U.K. man took it to the next level.

The 30-year-old from England, formerly known as Thomas Dodd, legally changed his name to Celine Dion after having a little too much to drink, only realizing what he had done when the name change documents arrived in the mail days later.

The hospitality worker said he is "slightly obsessed" with the singer but added he "nearly passed out" when he realized what drunk Thomas had done.

"During lockdown I've been watching a lot of live concerts on the TV. I can only think I've been watching one of hers and had a 'great idea' after a few drinks," he said. "My initial concern was how on Earth do I tell the HR department at work that I need to change my email footer?"

TWO BROKEN HEARTS

IN the ongoing saga no one needed, the Kazakhstan bodybuilder who infamously married his sex doll last November has revealed she tragically broke just before Christmas.

"She is broken. Now she is being repaired. She's in another city. When she recovers, it will be a gift for both of us," Yuri Tolochko said.

The man claimed he met Margo in a nightclub, and they were supposed to get married in March 2020—but the wedding was delayed because of the COVID-19 pandemic. Tolochko, who identifies as pansexual and describes himself as a "sexy maniac," did not explain how Margo had broken. Thankfully.

CREDIT: ROLAND LEON/ TWITTER / UGURHAN

MANYVIDS

ManyVids.com

FEAR THE REAPER

CHILI chomper and multiple world record holder Mike Jack has accomplished another spicy feat. The Canadian chowed down on three Carolina Reapers—the world's hottest chili pepper—eating the fiery vegetables in 9.72 seconds and breaking the previous record for the act, which had stood for six years.

In the video of his stunt posted on Facebook, the chili king is seen wincing and gagging in pain before calling for a bucket.

"It feels so good but hurts so bad," Jack said.

The Smokin' Ed's Carolina Reaper, grown by Ed Currie of PuckerButt Pepper Company, is around 200 times hotter than a jalapeño and packs a punch of around 1.6 million Scoville Heat Units. Currie said consuming them is "like eating molten lava."

Jack has previously broken multiple records for speed-eating ghost peppers and even has a YouTube channel dedicated to his pursuit.

Welcome To Brexit, Now Ham It Over

A ham sandwich was seized by customs officials from a truck driver entering the Netherlands by ferry from Britain, highlighting the new Brexit reality for the U.K. and E.U.

The scene, broadcast by a current affairs program in the Netherlands, showed the strict enforcement of post-Brexit import rules after Britain completed its separation from the European Union on Dec. 31.

The European Union does not allow travelers from outside countries to bring fruit, vegetables, meat, dairy products or illicit snacks like a sneaky ham sandwich for personal consumption.

Despite the driver asking if he could keep the bread and relinquish the meat, he was told by an official: "No, everything will be confiscated. Welcome to Brexit, sir, I'm sorry."

CREDIT: JUANMONINO / D-KEINE

Gamers Asked To 'Stop Having Sex With Keanu Reeves'

PLAYERS of the sci-fi role-playing game *Cyberpunk 2077* have been having virtual sex with Keanu Reeves' Johnny Silverhand character by downloading a hack to their consoles—a modification which has now been banned.

Although the game is distinctly adult-themed, with cyborg "joytoy" sex workers wandering the streets of a fictional megacity, *Cyberpunk 2077*'s creators have drawn the line at gamers having sex with the Hollywood superstar's likeness.

The modification utilized character model-swapping to put Silverhand in the position of a "joytoy" sex worker, making it possible for players to engage in online sex. The swap was flawed, though, meaning that Silverhand remained fully clothed and had the voice of a cyborg sex worker instead of his own.

One player claimed that it was good enough and "as close as we can get to romancing Johnny."

MAN GETS SEVEN-INCH FISH STUCK IN HIS THROAT

AN angler from Colombia had a seven-inch long fish removed from his throat after accidentally swallowing it.

The 24-year-old was fishing for food in Pivijay when the freak accident happened. After catching one fish, he eagerly threw the line back into the water and another latched on almost immediately.

Not knowing what to do with the first catch, the fisherman decided to hold the very alive fish in his mouth while he reeled in the second.

As you can imagine, this didn't end particularly well. The fish tried to free itself from the fisherman's jaws and ended up lodging itself down the man's throat.

The man admitted himself to a local hospital but wasn't able to explain to doctors what had happened as he was having difficulty breathing. An emergency X-ray revealed the fishy culprit stuck in his esophagus, prompting a doctor to pry the blood- and saliva-covered fish out of the man's throat.

At least it wasn't a pufferfish.

CREDIT: CD PROJEKT / NEWSFLASH

MAN'S PENIS HELD FOR RANSOM AFTER CHASTITY BELT IS HACKED

A man had his penis held for ransom after hackers took control of the high-tech chastity belt he was wearing.

Sam Summers said he was wearing the device when he received a random message through the product's app on his phone from someone claiming to have taken control of it and demanding nearly a thousand bucks to unlock it!

The Cellmate chastity cage can only be unfastened via the device's app on a smartphone and doesn't have a manual override or a key.

"Initially, I thought it was my partner doing that. It sounds silly, but I got a bit excited by it," Summers confessed.

When Summers' partner said she had nothing to do with the message, he realized he'd been hacked.

Summers sent the hackers the money they demanded to unlock the cage, but they refused to set him free.

Summers resorted to buying a pair of bolt cutters, which worked, but also resulted in him cutting himself so badly that he and his partner had to abstain from sex for a month anyway.

DOESN'T MAKE CENTS

A COIN has been removed from a Russian man's nose after it was stuck up there for more than half a century.

The 59-year-old human money box said he was a mere six years old when he stuck the spare change up his right nostril. He chose not to tell his "strict" mother about the coin and then later "forgot" it.

The man went to the hospital recently complaining he couldn't breathe through his right nostril, and a scan revealed that rhinoliths—stones in the nasal cavity—had formed around the coin, constricting his ability to breathe. Doctors removed the money during surgery and identified the piece of metal as a Soviet-era coin, but the hammer and sickle emblem was no longer visible on it.

Well, that's one way to save money.

German Sausage Fest

HUNGRY Germans with a longing for links in the middle of the night are rejoicing at an initiative that's seen sausage vending machines springing up across the country.

The machines—which offer 24-hour access to multiple varieties of sausage, including bratwurst and bockwurst—also offer tubs of potato salad, steak and vegetables, so customers can dish up a quality German feast at any time.

While a meat machine might simultaneously sound like both a joke and a potential health hazard, it's not that unusual for Germany, where vending machines also sell other staples like milk, eggs and fruit.

The vending machine business is booming in rural areas of Germany, where shops are less likely to stay open late.

There are currently over half a million grocery vending machines in Germany, with their popularity causing them to pop up in neighboring countries, including France.

A vending machine that spits out sausages sounds like the perfect ending to a late night at the beer hall. It's no greasy kebab, but it could be wurst.

CREDIT: CITY CLINICAL HOSPITAL NAMED AFTER M. KONCHALOVSKY / @ANNAGOEDDEKE / TWITTER / QIUI

GET THE PICTURE

SIT back and soak up the scenery of Lake Tahoe's vibrant cobalt waters and serene sunrise—and the sight of Wen Li as nude as nature intended. The massive freshwater lake sits on the California-Nevada state line, and is surrounded by glacier-carved granite slopes, lush alpine wilderness, wildflower-painted meadows and endless trails, making it an outdoorsman's paradise all year round. While some of Lake Tahoe's viewpoints are easily accessible, others require a bit of effort to get to, but Wen shows us that views are worth the climb.

PHOTO: KEVIN WEINERT @KEVWPHOTO

MODEL: WEN LI @WENLITALENT

CRUSH

JENNA LEE

FOLLOW @JENNALEE

JENNA Lee is an elite model with more than 1.5 million fans on Instagram. But her internet fame didn't stop the gorgeous blonde from revisiting her roots with photographer Sebby Raw, who snapped her in tiny Marfa, Texas—a unique, sepia-toned town buried deep in the Chihuahuan Desert.

Jenna tells *Penthouse* she still appreciates Southern comforts and prefers the company of "kind gentlemen."

The leggy beauty made waves last year when she offered to pay the rent of a couple of her Instagram followers whose income had been affected by the coronavirus pandemic.

When this sweetheart isn't selflessly helping strangers, she keeps a spicy chronicle of her adventures on her *OnlyFans*.

Crop it like it's hot.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEBBY RAW
FOLLOW @SEBBY_RAW

A Law unto Themselves

SOME OF THE STRANGEST LAWS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE

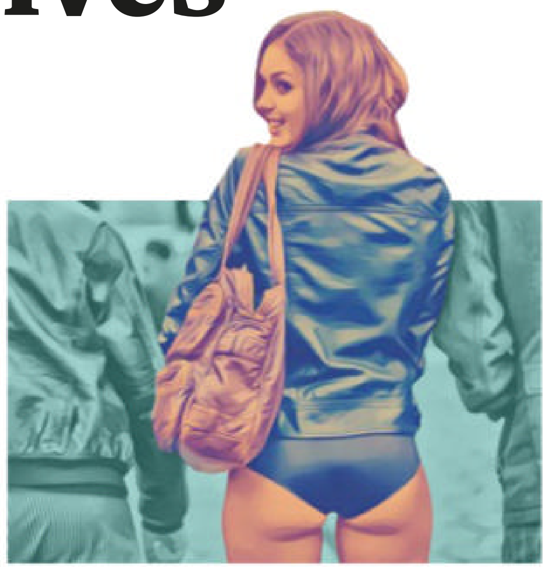
BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

Swan Song

Thanks to a rule with origins in the 12th century, Queen Elizabeth is the owner of all "unmarked mute swans swimming in open waters" in the U.K.

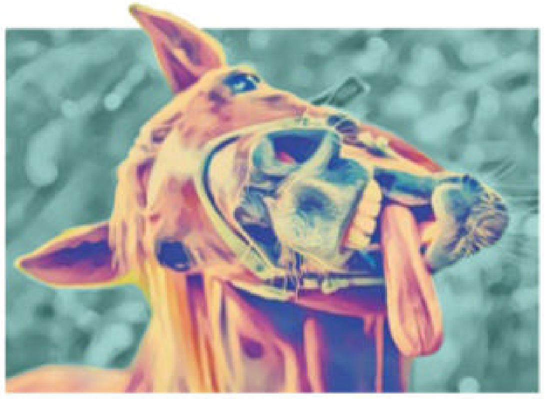
Clean Up

It's illegal to drive a dirty car in some parts of Russia, including Moscow. Police may stop you, fine you and force you to wash it.



Cover Up

In case you were tempted, it's illegal to leave your home wearing only your underwear in Thailand.



Drunk Driving

An 1872 U.K. law states people must not be drunk when they find themselves in charge of a horse, cow, carriage or steam engine.

Noise Pollution

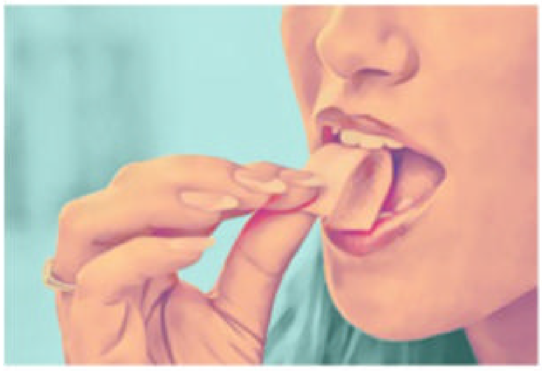
In Switzerland, it's against the law to flush a toilet after 10 p.m. The restrictions were introduced to reducing noise pollution.

Costume Change

It's illegal to wear a suit of armor in the U.K. Parliament, according to a law that dates back to 1313.

Frowned Upon

In Milan, Italy, it's illegal to frown in public—with the exception of funerals or hospital visits.



Gum Chewing

Chewing gum has been illegal in Singapore since 1922.

Lighten Up

In Japan, you can only dance after midnight if the lights are on.

CREDIT: ILLUSTRATIONS BY MORRISON

MOTM

DREW BREES

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

HIS career was one of the most prolific in NFL history. And so, even after much bubbling speculation that he was about to call time, Drew Brees' official retirement announcement was greeted with immense sadness by fans.

The 42-year-old New Orleans Saints quarterback, who started his career with the San Diego Chargers, announced on Instagram that he would retire after an epic 20 seasons.

He posted, "After 20 years as a player in the NFL and 15 years as a Saint, it is time I retire from the game of football. Each day, I poured my heart and soul into being your quarterback. Til the very end, I exhausted myself to give everything I had to the Saints organization, my team and the great city of New Orleans. We shared some amazing moments together, many of which are emblazoned in our hearts and minds and will forever be a part of us.

"You have molded me, strengthened me, inspired me and given me a lifetime of memories. My goal for the last 15 years was striving to give to you everything you had given to me and more. I am only retiring from playing football; I am not retiring from New Orleans. This is not goodbye, rather a new beginning. Now my real life's work begins!"

Fellow NFL quarterback Tom Brady said, "Congrats, my friend, on an incredible career. Thank you for the inspiration and dedication on and off the field! Look forward to seeing what's next."

What's next for Brees, to start, is a broadcasting job with *NBC Sunday Night Football.*

Though he's leaving the field, Brees also leaves behind plenty of career accomplishments worth cheering about.

We could start by praising him for being the NFL's all-time leader in career passing yards at 80,358.

We could then congratulate him on ranking second all-time in touchdown passes at 571, with a completion percentage of 67.7 percent. It's worth noting when it comes to that stat, he's second only to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers' Brady.

Bear in mind, his is also a story of triumph. Brees had a successful football career at Purdue University, but he wasn't widely recruited by NFL teams because he wasn't considered tall enough by typical quarterback standards—even though he stands at six feet.

At one point, he was off the field with a shoulder injury that was so bad his entire NFL future was in doubt.

But, like all of the most inspirational winners, he refused to give up.

He persisted, trained hard and never lost his focus, going on to completely rewrite the NFL record books.

He leaves the game having successfully become one of the greatest quarterbacks in NFL history.

He leaves the game having successfully become one of the greatest quarterbacks in NFL history.

And, most of all, he won hearts after his 2006 arrival in the Big Easy when he helped revive the Saints franchise—and the city of New Orleans—in the wake of Hurricane Katrina.

Brees' name is now synonymous with establishing a winning culture—and he'll forever be remembered for all he's done for his team and his community.

CREDIT: CHRIS GRAYTHEN / GETTY

SEX

Bum's The Word

BUTT SERIOUSLY, WE DON'T WANT NONE, UNLESS YOU'VE GOT BUNS, HUN ... *AMIE WEE* GETS BEHIND OUR OBSESSION WITH THE BOOTY.

SEX acts and fetishizing body parts go in and out of vogue in pop culture. In the '90s, we were all about blowjobs and big boobs, but these days, we're all about the booty. Bums aren't just having a moment, though—our obsession with the ass runs deep and has reached fever pitch. Welcome to 2021, where having a shapely derriere is in fashion, anal sex is mainstream and rimming is the new second base. We're in the age of the ass, and there's no escaping it. Not that we'd want to.

Whether it's the "forbidden fruit" taboo aspect of sticking our tongue in someone's backdoor, the potential for both pain and pleasure that can come with a touch of backdoor sex, or the simple fact that we like to admire butts, so it's expected that we would want to touch them—asses have a universal desirability among both men and women.

A survey conducted by The Journal of Sexual Medicine in 2010 found that 40 percent of women aged 20 to 24 had tried anal sex, up from 16 percent in previous years. More recently, a 2017 study of more than 3,000 sexually active millennials found that 36 percent engaged in female anal sex and 15 percent in male anal sex "at least some of the time." One 2018 study published in the journal of the American Sexually Transmitted Diseases Association even suggested that "anal sex is more common than having a Twitter account in the United States."

PornHub data also shows that the number of searches for "anal" increased by a massive 120 percent from 2009 to 2015, suggesting that our obsession with watching anal action is continually growing. Especially in Russia. Apparently, internet porn users in Russia are more likely to search for videos featuring anal sex than people from any other country.

Prolific porn star Asa Akira even once tweeted, "Ass is the new pussy."

But it's not just porn (and the Russians) that are focused on the female derriere, though—asses have also heavily infiltrated pop culture. Throughout the late '90s and early 2000s, we all gawked at Jennifer Lopez's ass like it was a mystical creature, yet a decade later, celebrities and influencers are tripping over themselves in an attempt to get the biggest, roundest bum.

We see anal sex and rimjob references in TV shows and movies like *Narcos*, *Sex and the City*, *Broad City*, *Bad Santa*, *Girls* and *How to Get Away with Murder*. Butts have also had a long history of being idolized in song, from Queen's 1978 ass anthem "Fat Bottomed Girls," to 1992's "Baby Got Back" and Nicki Minaj famously singing, "Somebody point me to the best ass-eater" in the song "Dance (A$$)" by Big Sean, and in "Anaconda" she sings "toss my salad like his name Romaine." Hell, popular musician Flume was even filmed eating ass on stage at Burning Man in 2019.

In the last few years, there's also been a shift in sex toy companies focusing on more creative and ergonomic toys for anal play. Anal toys come in various forms now and often include vibrators and various attachments, with some having the ability to be controlled remotely via apps. You can buy lubes specifically designed for anal use. And interest in pegging and strap-ons for straight couples has been increasing.

Forrest Andrews, a product developer at Aneros, the world's first dedicated prostate massage maker, said, "The market for prostate products has been steadily on the rise." A decade ago, sex toy shop Babeland only carried a few prostate-focused toys, but today they stock almost 30 different models by a bunch of different companies.

The bottom line is: We're in an anal revolution—no ifs or ands ... just butts.

CREDIT: SYLPHA SIA

Looking for a Fight

BY ROB PEGLEY

YES, sport requires skill and strength and stamina, but perhaps more than anything sport needs drama for us to truly love it.

Witness basketball games with empty arenas. Also see Premier League soccer all around the world without crowds.

It's like a curry without chili—perfectly acceptable but lacking that real kick that we're really after.

With any sport, there's a natural buildup that runs through each season; the drama accrues organically throughout the year. We see rivalries created, revenge is demanded and momentum is built.

We want to watch.

We need to watch to get our next installment.

In the case of boxing, the bulk of the drama is manufactured away from the ring in advance of the fight. Trash talk and hype lead to anticipation and intrigue. Sure, much of it is contrived, but we still lap it up.

By the time the guys face off in the ring, we've already had sporting drama before a punch is even thrown.

Our favorite boxers over the years have either been knockout animals like Mike Tyson, showmen like "Sugar" Ray Leonard, or pre-fight entertainers like Tyson Fury.

Right now, we're seeing other sports stars leaping into the ring as substitutes, and they're arriving with their well-known grudges. The drama has been pre-made. They're happy to do the trash-talking, and they come with the recognizable baggage of a drama-filled career.

Remember when Jay Roach directed *Meet The Fockers*? He cast Robert De Niro as the father for precisely this reason; he came with a ready-made history that made him an instantly scary character without doing anything.

The same applies to the punchy sports stars being parachuted into the ring.

Whatever happens in the squared circle, we've already had some drama—and ultimately that's what many of us tune in for.

Right now, we're seeing other sports stars leaping into the ring as substitutes, and they're arriving with their well-known grudges.

CREDIT: DMYTRO AKSONOV

FILM

STUNT-CASTING A BLACK ANNE BOLEYN IS LUDICROUS

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

THE pure and utter laziness of the entertainment industry is laid bare by its increasingly low-effort adaptations and remakes—the latest of which is to cast Anne Boleyn with an actress of color in an upcoming three-part miniseries that seeks to retell the historical story as a so-called psychological thriller. *Anne Boleyn* dramatizes the final days of the short-lived former Queen of England's life, while dodging historical accuracy in favor of scoring capital in the age of wokeness. Starring Jodie Turner-Smith, an actress of color, the series reframes the titular character's plight in a new light. The production, which has already received widespread criticism on the internet, could be forgiven if the empty gesture was its only offense, but no one involved in its creation seems to have any historical understanding of Anne Boleyn.

ANNE BOLEYN

According to its creators at Fable Pictures, "history has sidelined the voice of this ambitious queen in favor of the men who brought her down, and ... [director] Lynsey Miller's beautiful, intimate vision will put Anne's gaze at the heart of the piece."

However, the reasons for Boleyn's downfall are well-known as being a subject of debate among historians. Her femininity and supposed attempts to be considered an equal among men are the least credible reasons—not to mention the casting detracts from the actual historical figure.

In the age of social justice, diversity is all the rage, and the creators of *Anne Boleyn* are clearly seeking to cash in on capital afforded to other efforts at performative wokeness.

Simply put, the series seeks to make bank on controversy already created by the stunt-casting, instead of promoting the show on its own merits.

Critiques of *Anne Boleyn* should not focus on the capabilities of the actress, but rather the studio's tokenization of her. The studio's use of stunt-casting effectively blunts criticism of the actual product, which they can simply decry as a result of "privilege," just as *Ghostbusters* in 2016 avoided negative reviews by defaming its critics as sexists due to its all-female casting of the lead roles.

If Anne Boleyn weren't a historical figure, it would be within the creators' liberties to cast the character however they pleased. Cross-ethnic casting can be done right, as we've seen with Marvel selecting Zendaya to portray MJ in *Spider-Man: Homecoming* and Disney tapping Halle Bailey to play Ariel in *The Little Mermaid*.

The creators of *Anne Boleyn* are clearly seeking to cash in on capital afforded to other efforts at performative wokeness.

However, Fable's casting of Anne Boleyn is reminiscent of memes mocking an imaginary Martin Luther King Jr. movie with Ryan Gosling as the Black civil rights activist. It's that much of a joke.

The issue isn't with the actress, but with the absurdity of casting a performer of color in a period piece about a well-known, and well-documented, part of British history.

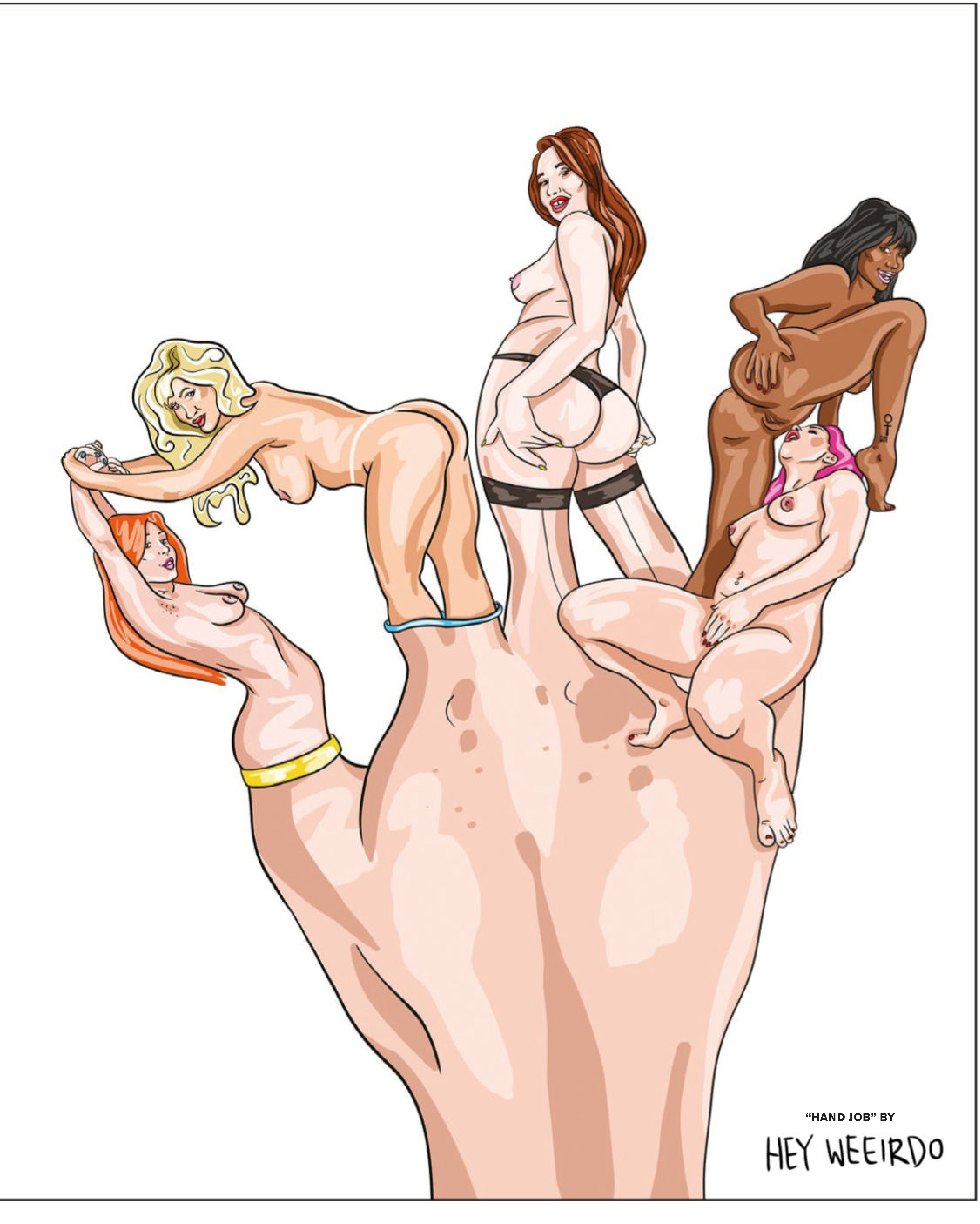
The effort is a cheap and easy way to drum up controversy and free attention for an otherwise unremarkable show. Had the actress been cast according to her historical analog, no one would even care.

As for Jodie Turner-Smith, she may produce an outstanding performance; it remains to be seen how well she fills the role—despite the obvious tokenization.

In general, the film industry has shown a failure to engage with African, Asian and South American history. It goes without saying that it's easier to produce a retelling of well-worn European history than it is to champion a new story or adapt one that hasn't been done before, but what kind of message does this send to audiences? That every place outside of Europe is uninteresting? That these diverse cultures—the ones they claim to celebrate—aren't worth exploring? With so much material to choose from, and with an enormous budget to work with, there's simply no excuse.

With a little bit of effort and creativity, the film industry can provide representation for historically marginalized groups. It only has to try.

CREDIT: VIACOM CBS



"HAND JOB" BY

HEY WEEIRDO

Cardi B's New Wave of Feminism

BY JUSTINE HALLEY

WITH their booties twerking and bosoms bouncing, Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion are jaw-droppingly gorgeous in the video for "WAP." But the song—whose title is an acronym for Wet-Ass Pussy—ultimately blew the doors wide open for women to speak freely and candidly about their sexuality, making it a modern-day anthem for a new wave of feminism.

Upon its release last year, the Cardi B tune, which features fellow rapper Megan Thee Stallion, sparked discussions often absent from mainstream media and usually restricted to adult magazines. One may not think the phrase "wet-ass pussy" in itself could ever be particularly shocking—especially at time when porn is so easily accessible and men have been explicitly rapping about sex for decades. However, in the time it took for the ladies' dangerous curves to be showcased in their video—alongside sleek leopards and tigers—Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion had nearly every conservative figure in America taking up airtime to huff and puff—and even allegedly pour holy water in their ears!

It was as if the pundits were grousing: How dare Cardi B radiate unfiltered sexual heat and commit the audacious offense of rapping about her own female body and her own lived experiences!

But is audaciousness necessarily a bad thing?

Indeed, Rep. Maxine Waters echoed the word in praise of "WAP" when the Democratic congresswoman from California said, "Now that is audacity! That is audacity. That is the ability for women to take charge of what they want to say."

Waters went on to commend Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion for using their art to take control of the prevailing narrative about women and sexuality in hip-hop, one that has long been dominated by men.

Cardi B—a former stripper herself who refuses to hide her past in shame—not only challenges the patriarchy but is a beacon of light to all women who are tired of living in a society still being dragged down by a serious madonna-whore complex. Most importantly, though, as a sex-positive feminist figure, Cardi B is inclusive of all women and expresses this in both the lyrics of "WAP" and its video.

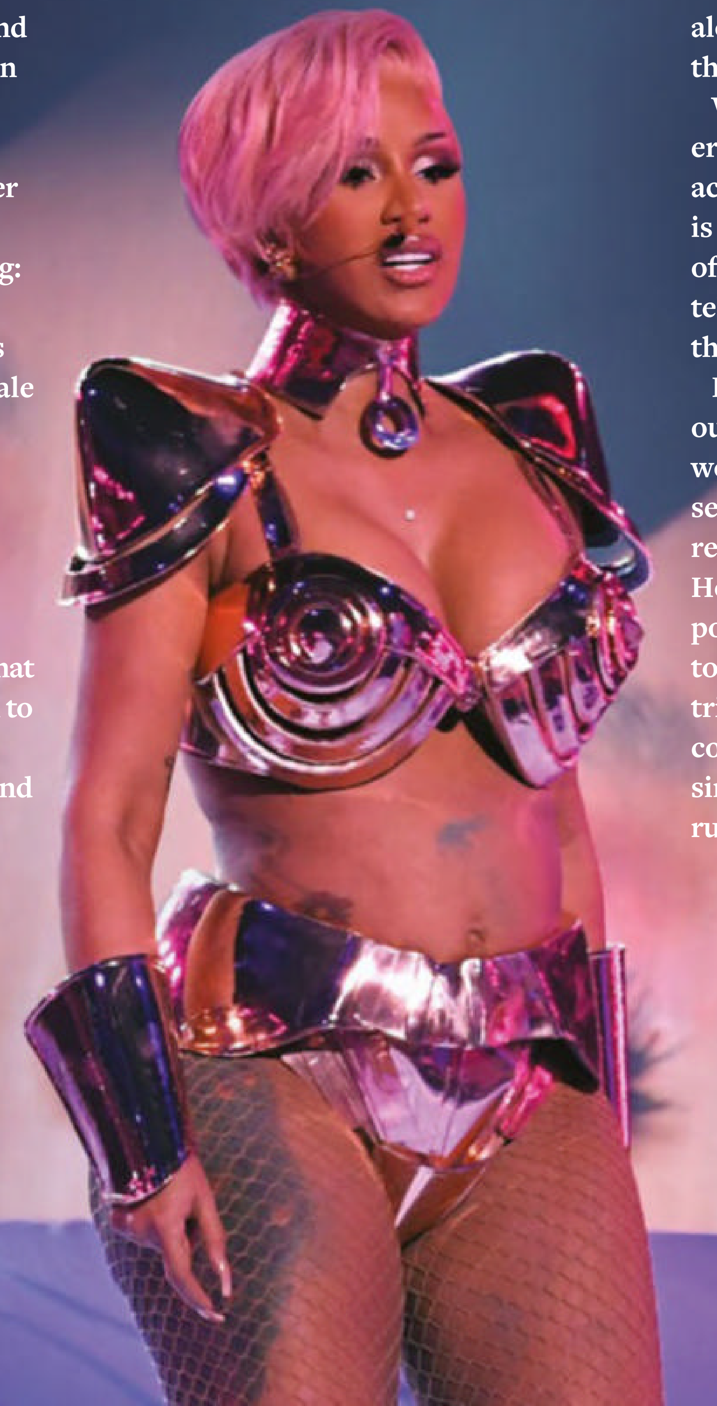
The clip provides a bevvy of lush and extravagant scenes and cameos from stunning women, including artists Normani, Rubi Rose, Sukihana, Rosalía and Mulatto. But Cardi B also invited beauty mogul and *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* star Kylie Jenner to strut her stuff—and then fought back against critics who demanded her pal be removed from the clip! Cardi B explained, "I wanted a lot of different females, not just female rappers ... And I'm like, 'These are the girls that I personally like.'"

This spirit of inclusivity is an overdue slap in the face to those who insist women must meet certain criteria to be considered feminists or must fulfill certain domestic roles in order for society to validate their femininity. As the song's lyrics boast: *I don't cook / I don't clean / But let me tell you how I got this ring!*

It's true that sex-worker exclusionary feminists exist—and many are also the driving forces behind policies that ultimately limit a woman's choices, including how she may earn money. Cardi B clearly has no time for this nonsense. As the tune says: *There's some whores in this house*. Clearly, Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion are proud to be alongside them. After all, why shouldn't they be?

While some might focus on the tune's erotic and whimsical descriptions of sex acts, the ultimate takeaway from the song is that a woman's sexuality is a source of both power and freedom, and it's telling that some people are still terribly threatened by that.

But for all of us "certified freaks" out there, Cardi B's encouragement of women to embrace their bodies and sexuality without fear or shame already resonates and holds immeasurable value. However, if everyone embraced the sex-positive message of "WAP," the benefits to society at large would undoubtedly trickle down. And if Cardi B—who's continued the charge with her sassy single "Up"—keeps at it, our cups will runneth over in no time!



CREDIT: KEVIN WINTER / GETTY

POLITICS

THE RUSH IS GONE

BY BARBARA PIZIO

BOMBASTIC radio host Rush Limbaugh was equal parts celebrated and reviled during his lengthy broadcast career. But love him or hate him—there's no denying the brash conservative forever changed the landscape of American talk radio.

In his trademark frank style, the syndicated show host revealed his deadly stage four lung cancer diagnosis on the air in January 2020. But according to his widow, Kathryn, he died little more than a year later on Feb. 17, 2021, at age 70 at his Palm Beach, Fla., home—which the former New York resident would often jokingly refer to as the Southern Command.

Called a "fantastic talent" by former commander in chief Donald Trump, who awarded him the Presidential Medal of Freedom, Rush spent three decades at the top of the radio heap—infuriating and entertaining folks on both sides of the political divide.

"The Rush Limbaugh Show" dominated AM radio for 32 years and most recently pulled in more than 15 million listeners daily. The feat made El Rushbo one of the country's highest earning radio hosts with syndication deals generating a reported $85 million in annual income.

But the conservative firebrand's rise to the top was a slow burn that began in the '70s.

The Missouri-born college dropout got his start as a DJ and was fired from one of his many early gigs because of a "personality conflict" with a programming director. He even briefly strayed from his radio roots to take a sales position with Major League Baseball's Kansas City Royals. But during the '80s, he found his footing at New York City's WABC, and his popularity soon soared—due in part to his verbal salvos against President Bill Clinton and first lady Hillary and his satirical takes on every group under the sun, including social activists, hypocritical politicians and clueless celebrities.

The provocative pundit's in-your-face attitude helped him attain shock jock status—but high ratings are what kept him on the air. His show, which handily combined both information and entertainment—with a hefty dose of caustic humor—soon spread to 600-plus stations and became a cultural phenomenon.

Following Rush's death, fellow conservative host Sean Hannity praised his pal by saying, "He was an innovator. He was a pioneer. He was a trailblazer. He was a great patriot."

Sean also credited Rush's success with proving the viability of talk radio as a successful medium and paving the way for FOX News and other politically minded TV programming that relies on entertaining discourse.

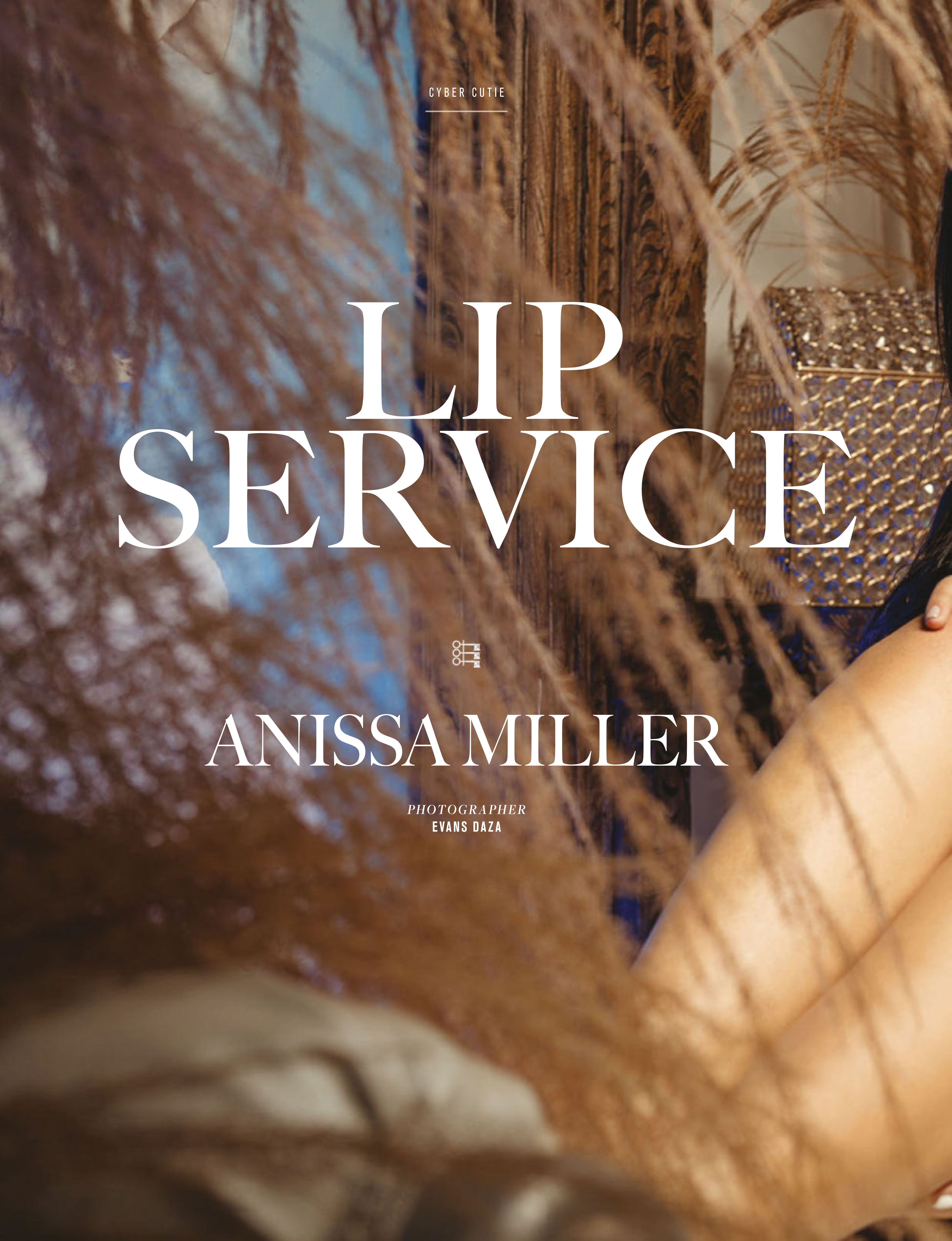
Rush spent three decades at the top of the radio heap—infuriating and entertaining folks on both sides of the political divide.

Still, others railed against Rush for his outrageous on-air antics, which included popularizing the term "femi-Nazis" to describe female proponents of women's rights. Critics have slammed his comments as cruel, divisive and racist—but die-hard fans defended his words as biting, tongue-in-cheek commentary.

Some even accused Rush of sowing dangerous political discord as late as January 2021 with his pronouncement that President Joe Biden, a Democrat, didn't "legitimately" win the 2020 election over Republican incumbent Donald Trump and his insistence that there couldn't be "peaceful coexistence of two completely different theories of life, theories of government, theories of how we manage our affairs." Though the talk titan was quick to point out he was not advocating secession.

Despite Rush's polarizing presence in the cultural landscape, it's safe to say that the man who boldly joked about taking on his critics "with half my brain tied behind my back, just to make it fair" rewrote the rules of radio with his own brand of over-the-top bravado and a fearless defense of beliefs and values he held dear.

CREDIT: JIM WASTON / GETTY



LIP SERVICE

ANISSA MILLER

PHOTOGRAPHER
EVANS DAZA

LUSH beauty Anissa Miller is the epitome of sensuality with her dangerous curves, pillowy lips and bedroom eyes. The cam girl from Colombia has been making hearts race all across the globe, and now she graces the pages of *Penthouse* as this issue's Cyber Cutie. Whether she's wearing barely there lingerie, shiny PVC or nothing but a beguiling smile, Anissa is utterly captivating. The charming brunette shared some fascinating facts about herself with us, so read on—if you can tear your eyes away from her stunning photographs.

Tell us about the most remarkable sexual experience you've ever had.
There was a time I was so in tune with someone I had four orgasms in the same sex session. I was astonished!

You've said your favorite sporty pastime is inline skating. What do you like about it?
Whether I'm at a rink or on the street, I can get a great workout. And when I'm skating, I feel like I'm soaring in the sky.

What's one of your worst habits?
I love being in bed. I sleep too much, so I'm almost always late for my appointments!

Describe your ideal man.
Someone who is smart and attentive to details. My perfect guy is a man who knows what he wants out of life and is always striving to be the best person he can be. Someone I can have honest conversations with and truly connect, so we can share memories and create new ones—together.

What's your fantasy date?
I would be on a boat with someone special. We'd have dinner in the middle of the ocean at night by the light of candles and the moon.

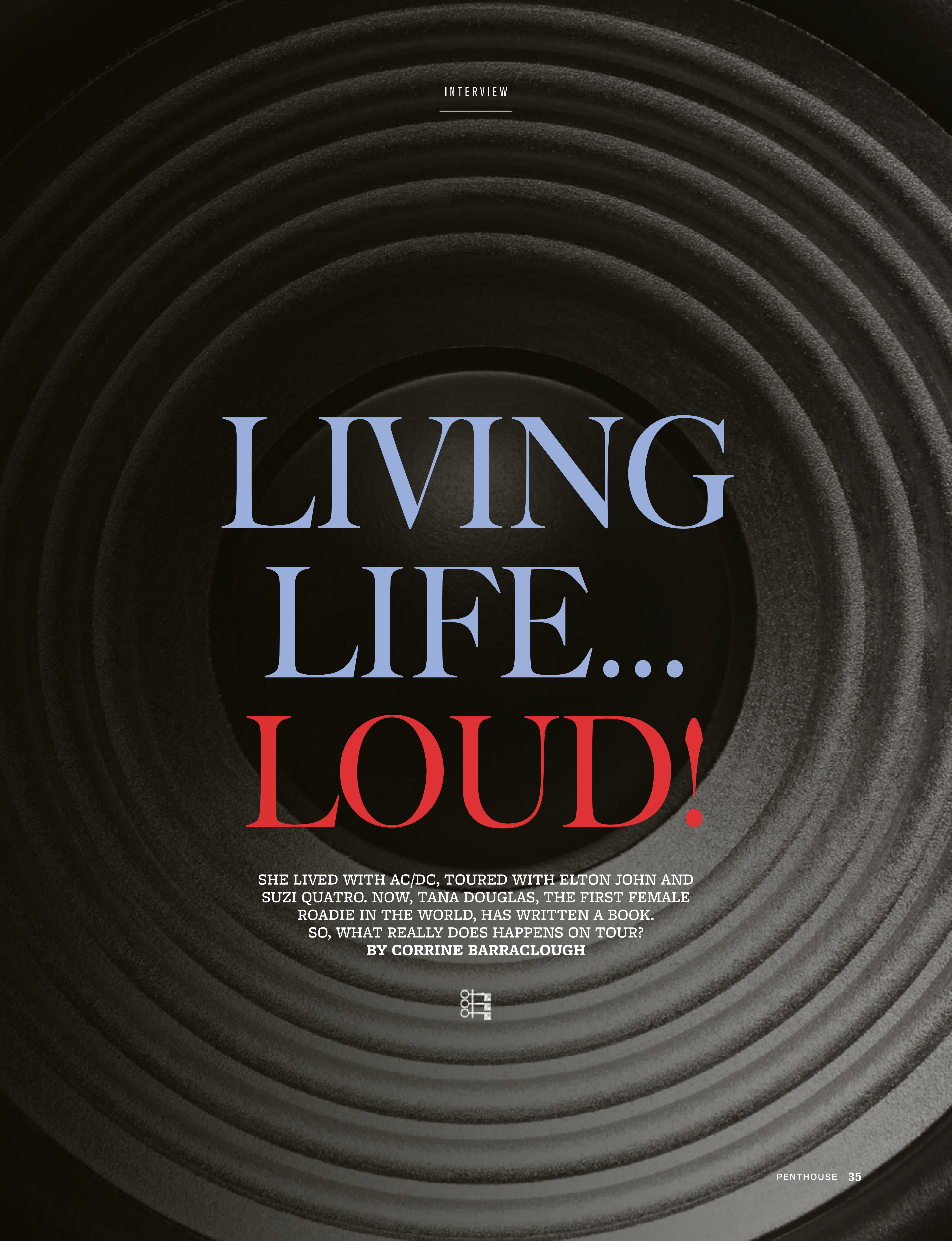
What's your biggest turn-on?
Giving and receiving oral sex. ●

AGE: 24
MEASUREMENTS: 36C-25-37
HOMETOWN: Cali, Colombia
TWITTER: @anissamiller96
INSTAGRAM: @anissa.miller10
WEBSITE: anissa-miller.flirt4free.com

PENTHOUSE
GOLD

FOLLOW ELLA ON
@ELLASILVER

CREDIT: TANA DOUGLAS



LIVING LIFE… LOUD!

SHE LIVED WITH AC/DC, TOURED WITH ELTON JOHN AND SUZI QUATRO. NOW, TANA DOUGLAS, THE FIRST FEMALE ROADIE IN THE WORLD, HAS WRITTEN A BOOK. SO, WHAT REALLY DOES HAPPENS ON TOUR?

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

TANA Douglas was just 16 years old when she took her first job as a roadie with AC/DC. As the world's first female roadie, she's worked with some of the best known, most loved and infamous rock 'n' roll bands. Her career spans more than 30 years and three continents. She now lives in California, and as she launches her first book, *Loud*, she speaks to *Penthouse* about her past, music, bands she loved—and loathed—life lessons and forgiving her mother.

Your book is a compelling read. How did you find the writing process?
It was tricky! I didn't have any diaries to work from, so I found myself jumping back and forth between tours, trying to make sense of it all. It's not an easy job making my story digestible for people to read and follow. I started writing and messed around for about a year. I put it down for a year and a half, and then came back to it. So, the whole process took about two and a half years.

Did the experience take over your life?
Yes! I converted a room into a writing room. There were Post-It Notes stuck all over the walls. I kept putting bits in and moving them around. It was like a huge jigsaw puzzle! It was strange, reliving it all, but it's like free therapy.

You took your first job at 16. What advice would you like to have given to yourself at that age?
Run! No, but as strange as it may sound, it was the safest place for me to be at the time. Sure, parts of it were dark and sordid. People think, "These road crew people are rough. They drink a lot, do drugs. They're on the road the whole time. They womanize." But these bands took me in and adopted me, in a way. A lot were very protective of me. Although they weren't aware of quite how young I was, right back at the beginning. There was a nurturing quality to them that they don't admit to very often. It's certainly not the side that people see. For me, it was a safe place to land. I could still be in Kings Cross [a red-light district in Australia], if I would even still be alive.

We'll talk about Sydney, but first I want to discuss your early years. You start your book writing about being woken up by your mother and told you were leaving your home.
Yes, when I was four, I was taken from the only home I'd ever known in Brisbane in the middle of the night. My mother woke up me and my half-sister and said, "We're leaving. We can never be happy here."

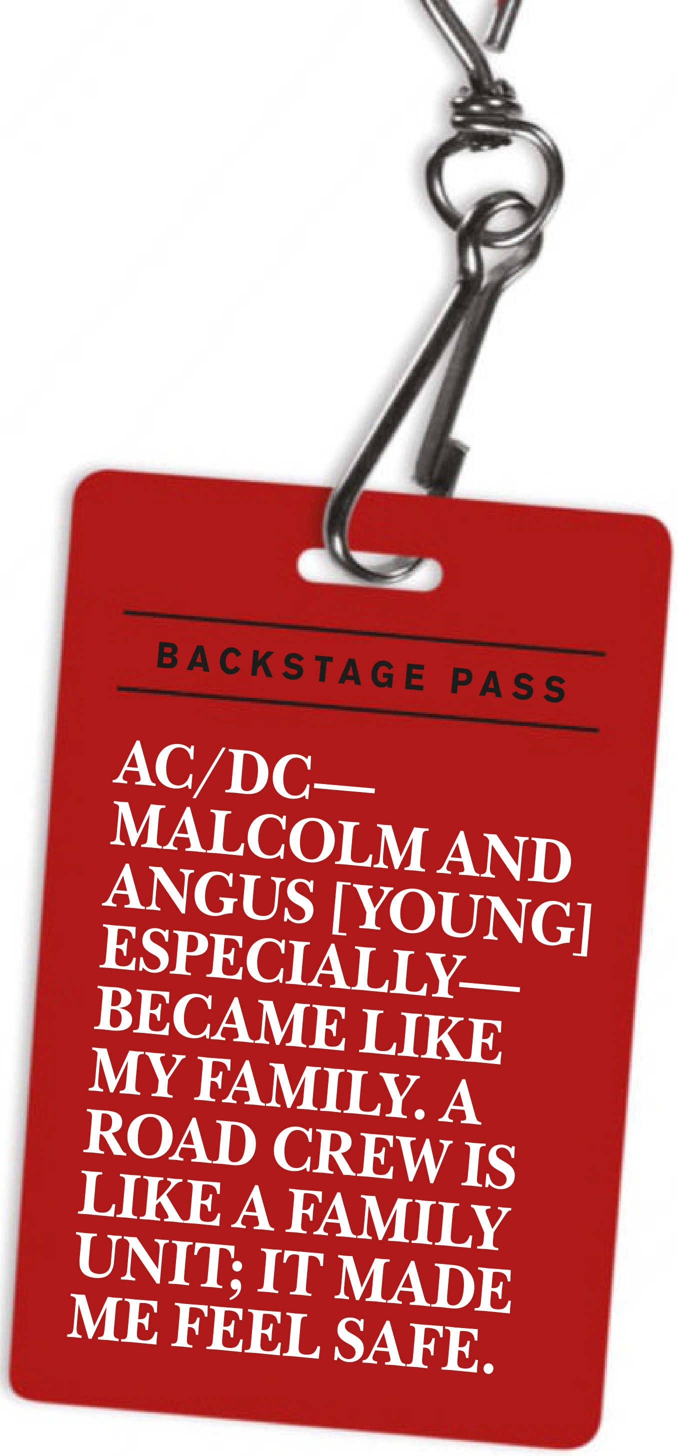
And this all came as a shock to you?
Well, as children we thought we were happy. No further explanation was given. We were just woken up, and we left my father asleep in bed. It all went downhill rather quickly from there.

What do you mean by that?
My mother wasn't stable; she had a lot of demons. She had a really serious road accident in her 20s, and we think that caused a lot of mental damage. It's the only thing I can identify that I can use to justify her behavior. There's no other excuse for her.

You write about her drinking and constant moving.
It all shaped my worldview. Growing up in that kind of turmoil, it makes it really difficult as you grow up. You have no clue about relationships. I didn't know what a relationship was meant to be, or what a family is supposed to be like. In many ways, AC/DC—Malcolm and Angus [Young] especially—became like my family. A road crew is like a family unit; it made me feel safe. My father did try to fix me, but I was 11 by then and I was quite feral! He was saying, "Oh my God, let's put her in a boarding school. Let's try this or that." I suspect he didn't know how deep the damage was.

Music was an escape for you from a young age?
Yes, from a very young age. Janis Joplin, The Animals, The Stones—listening to music on a radio or stereo. When I listened to The Animals sing: "We've got to get out of this place," I thought, *Well, hell yes, sign me up.*

Janis Joplin was a huge influence on you?
Her music is heart-wrenching, and I suppose I saw her as a bit of a role model—not that that's a good thing in many ways. But she stood up for herself. She was a fighter. If I had any role model at that point, it would be her. I was always drawn to darker music because it reflected my life. I was never one for poppy, happy songs!



AC/DC—MALCOLM AND ANGUS [YOUNG] ESPECIALLY—BECAME LIKE MY FAMILY. A ROAD CREW IS LIKE A FAMILY UNIT; IT MADE ME FEEL SAFE.

OK, let's talk about Sydney, Australia. You write about "rubbing elbows with the Sydney mob." Your encounters were terrifying, including one with a murderous pimp.
I'd come out of the rain forest, which was very not me. I was a little too organized, and I needed to be progressing in life. I ended up in Kings Cross. I adapted easily. I do tend to adapt well, and I found myself getting very sucked in to the scene there, very quickly.

It's one of those areas in Sydney that has lots of characters.
Yes! Some of the strangest characters that you wouldn't think had a soft side, but they took me in like a lost kitten. Terry the Kid was one of the Sydney mob who

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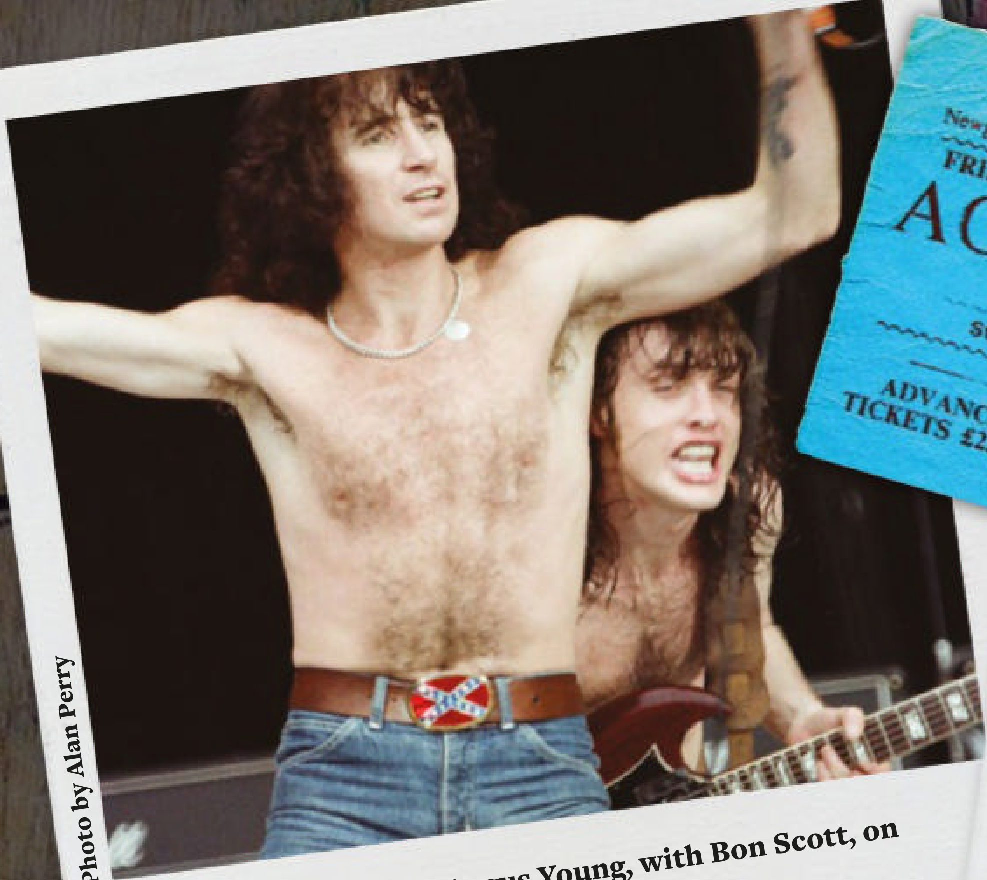
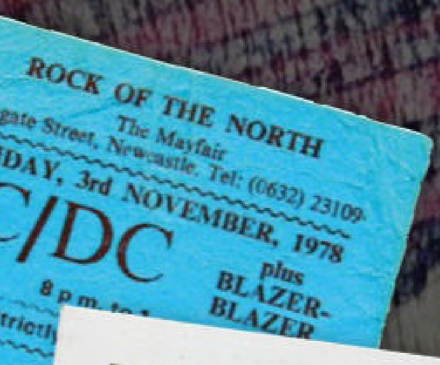


Photo by Alan Perry

Angus Young being Angus Young, with Bon Scott, on stage at Nuremberg, 1979.



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AC/DC
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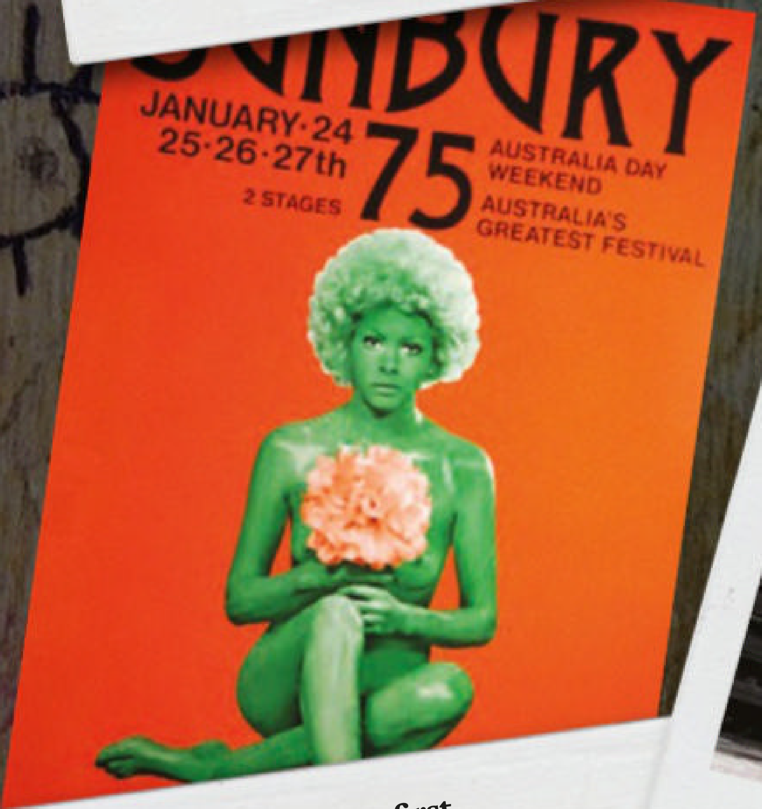
Photo by Alan Perry



UNBURY
JANUARY·24
25·26·27th
75
AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND
2 STAGES
AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST FESTIVAL

Suzi Quatro was my first international tour and also my first female artist.

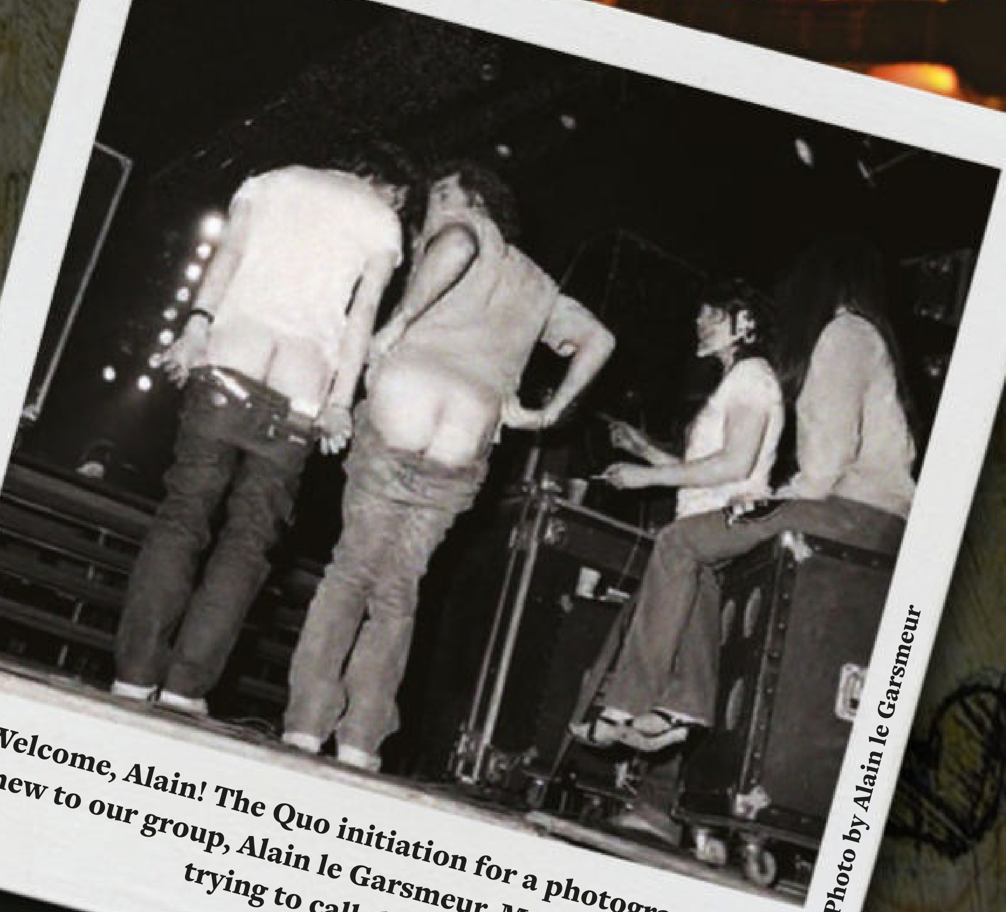


Photo by Alain le Garsmeur

Welcome, Alain! The Quo initiation for a photographer new to our group, Alain le Garsmeur. Meanwhile, I'm trying to call the show.

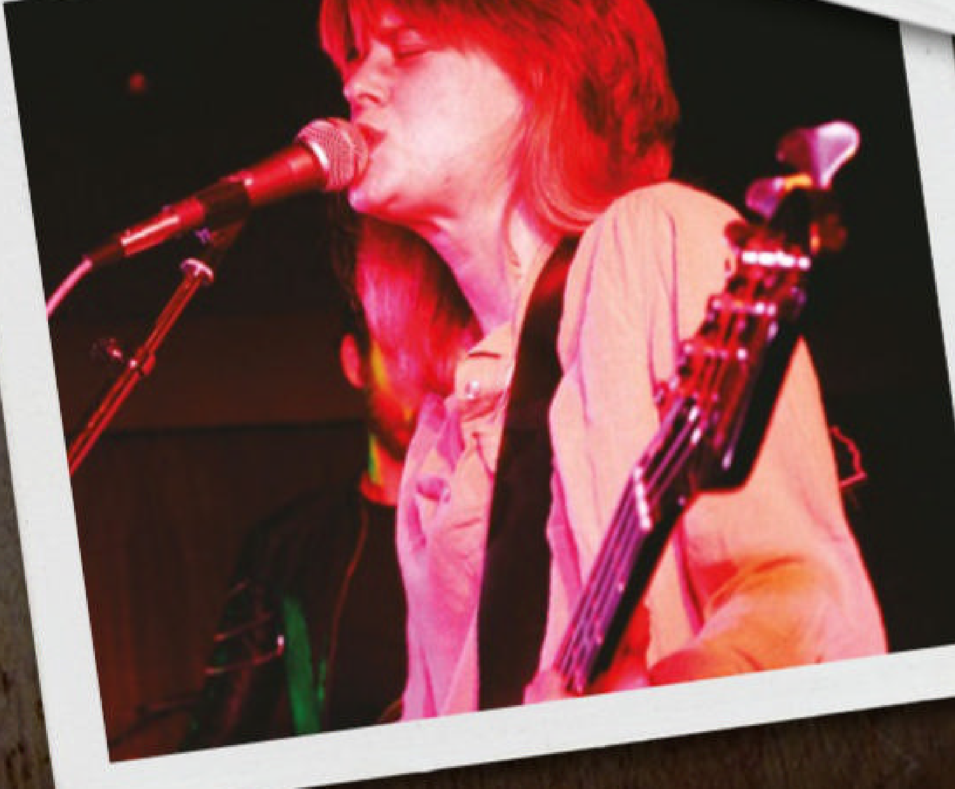
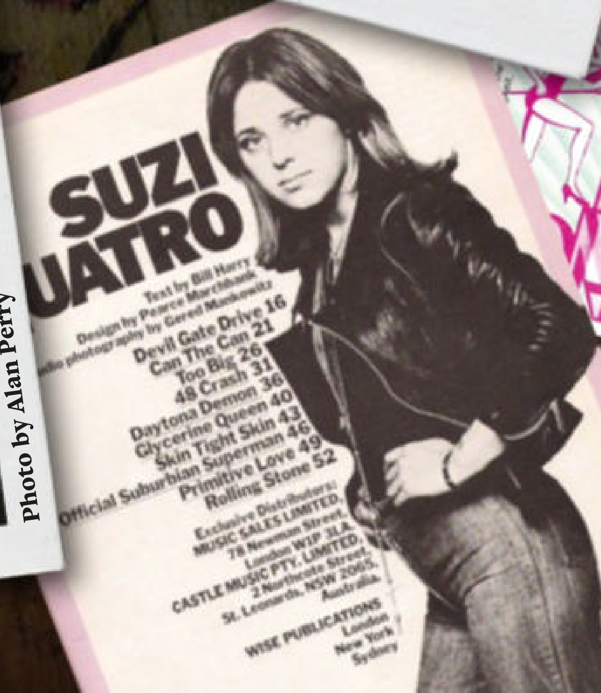


Photo by Alan Perry



SUZI
UATRO
Text by Bill Harry
Design by Pearce Marchbank
dio photography by Gered Mankowitz
Devil Gate Drive 16
Can The Can 21
Too Big 26
48 Crash 31
Daytona Demon 36
Glycerine Queen 40
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@HIGHESTMUSE

CONTINUE FROM PAGE 36

took a shine to me. He would take me to posh restaurants, like I'd gone to with my dad, and he'd order Bombe Alaska, which I loved. And he took me to Randwick Racecourse, which I always enjoyed.

But there was a dark side, too.
I had a lucky escape from a pimp, who was a really nasty piece of work. He basically decided I should be one of his girls. He had a group of very young girls, and I mean very young. I talked to them and befriended them. When he kidnapped me at gunpoint, he decided he was going to shoot me up with heroin, and I was to be one of his working girls. That was my signal. Something inside me just knew: "I've got to get out of this place." And that was the change that got me into music.

Can you see a blessing in the way that all unfolded?
When I think about it, if that pimp hadn't kidnapped me, and I hadn't gotten scared and decided I had to make a change, I doubt I'd still be alive. Those young working girls don't last long, unfortunately. So, I doubt I would have ever made it out of there alive. Plus, he was actually knocking off his girls, which I write about in my book, too.

Tell me about your bond with AC/DC.
They were still in the process of writing their first album. I was the band's first backline roadie, which meant looking after the stage equipment, instruments and vocals for Bon [Scott] when rehearsing. The bond is so strong between us because we were all so young. It leaves an imprint on you. I was a very young girl, who'd run away from home. We were all learning, and that bond lasts a lifetime. Those guys will always have a special place in my heart; I couldn't get rid of it, even if I wanted to. I'm so grateful, looking back. It could have been a very different situation. I mean, it's not always good living in a house with musicians! But we had a family bond that was stronger than any of that side of band life.

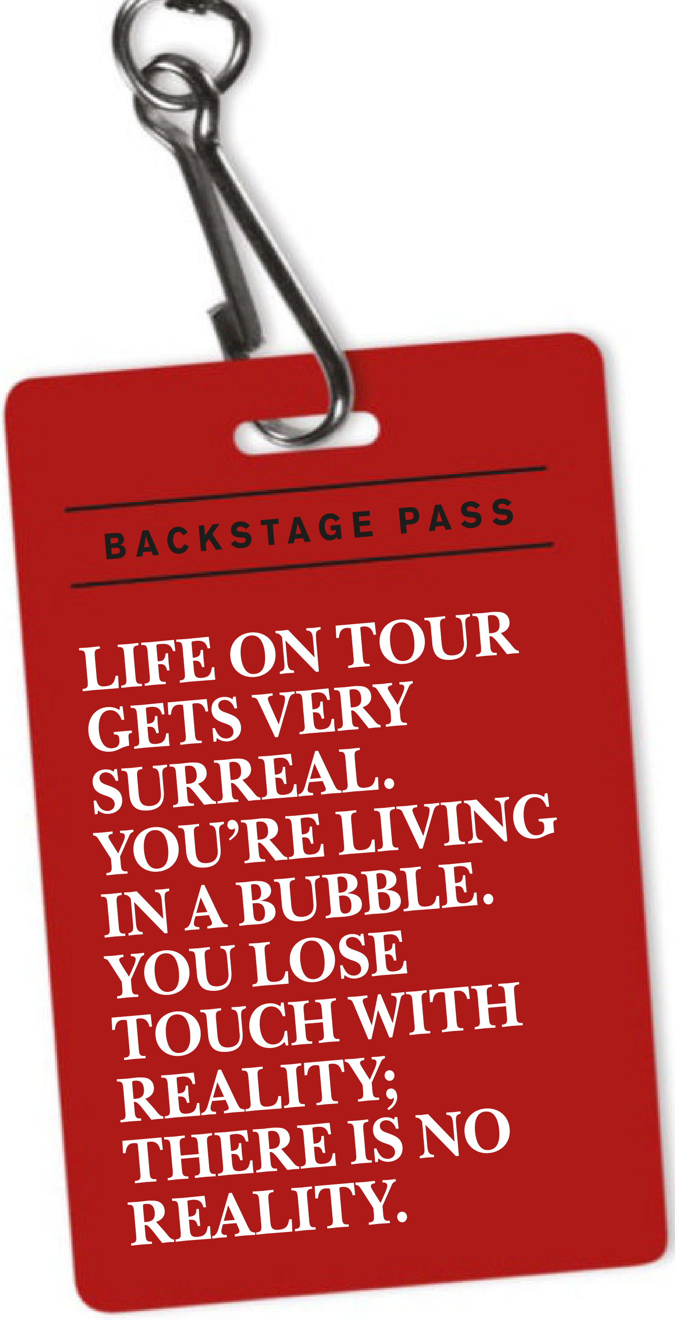
So you'll always be in touch?
Absolutely. Any time I've crossed paths with them over the decades, it's been like stepping back into the same old shoes. It's just there. And it's something that I'm really grateful for.

Can you share a favorite memory?
I think the bonding times, especially when it was just the five of us—Malcolm, Angus, Bon, George [Young] with Harry [Vanda] coming back and forth. We'd sit around and listen to music for hours and hours, and talk about how it made us feel. Malcolm especially was very generous that way. He and Angus once put on Elvis Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel." I ran from the room screaming, "No!" The only thing I'd seen of Elvis in my childhood was those horrible movies. "I can't listen to this," I said as I ran away. Malcolm must have got up early to go to a record store because he came back home with a record that wasn't widely released. It was called *Insane Asylum* by Kathi McDonald. He chose [the title] track, a version of "Heartbreak Hotel," because she'd worked with Janis Jopin. And, specifically, he chose that song because he knew I'd relate to it. He said, "I want you to listen to this," sat me down, played it, and I said, "I love it!" He said, "That album's for you to keep." Those sort of moments, when someone goes out of their way for you like that, they stay with you forever.

You say the Australian music scene revolved around the pub circuit.
At that time, yes. It was rough and ready! It was incredibly healthy. There were pubs everywhere. You could do 12 or 14 shows a week. When we were working, the manager, Michael, said, "Right, let's put these guys to work." And we did! I can still hear us playing at the Matthew Flinders Hotel on a Sunday afternoon. There would be over a thousand people watching. It was wild and woolly, you know! The Bondi Lifesaver was a bit trendier; the clientele were a bit more, how should I say, diversified. It was known as the wife-swapper. We looked at each other at one point and said, "We've done really well. We sold out four nights in a row." AC/DC were a power to be reckoned with, that's for sure.

And you were with them for years as they changed?
They certainly changed over the years. When Phil [Rudd] joined from Angry Anderson's band [Buster Brown] that was a whole new scene. We toughened up pretty quickly! And you know, just because those fans had enjoyed seeing Phil in Buster Brown, didn't mean they'd love him in AC/DC. And then, in country towns, guys had worked hard on those ranches since they were little. They don't tend to like strange men coming into town and messing with their women! It's not every day you have a knock-down fight with Deep Purple. Those things stay with you.

Talk to me about working with Suzi Quatro.
That was after I'd worked with AC/DC, the first time I'd worked with a woman. And I think it was the first time Suzi had a woman working with her. It was funny to watch the male audience members. There were grown men passing out. Oh, the memories of that! One time, at the Pavilion, the guys were passing young men onto the stage who'd been overcome by Suzi's presence. Remember, there were no crush barriers in those days, so the guys would pick them up and pass them to the side. There was one guy lying in a hallway, and everyone was like, "What shall we do with him?" I was standing over him as he came round. He said, "Ohhhh, Suzi," and passed out again. I was wearing a leather jacket, but if he was so far gone that he thought I was Suzi, he wasn't with



LIFE ON TOUR GETS VERY SURREAL. YOU'RE LIVING IN A BUBBLE. YOU LOSE TOUCH WITH REALITY; THERE IS NO REALITY.

it! Somewhere, he probably still tells the story today about when he came round at a concert to see Suzi Quatro standing over him.

Tell me about the Wings tour party with Paul McCartney in the '70s.
We threw a party for the Wings tour; it lasted three days! The neighborhood was a little over it by the end. All the Australian crew, the U.S. crew, the U.K. crew, then various members of bands turned up. Jimmy McCulloch, then the brass section of the band. It just kept growing. The police arrived, and we just said, "It's a party for the Wings tour," and they blocked off traffic to the street! The neighbors had been complaining for days, but the cops just blocked off the traffic. It was quite the bash, and you know, several people from that party have remained lifelong friends.

Three days worth remembering?
Well, three days well forgotten!

I loved your descriptions of life on tour in your book.
Life on tour gets very surreal. You're living in a bubble. You lose touch with reality; there is no reality. These tours go on for 12 or 18 months, and if it's a good team fit, you do it all again. You build up a tight affinity with each other. You don't let outsiders in. If you know you can all rely on each other, you close the doors. You don't like a stranger coming in, unless someone knows them and vouches for them. I got to the point where I didn't bother to learn names. I'd automatically turn off and think, What's the point of remembering, I'm never going to see them again. I still find myself doing it to this day. I'm still really bad with names. It's a false world you're living in.

And it's hard to adapt coming out of it?
It's really hard to adapt to coming out of it. Lots of musicians have serious mental health problems. With road crew professionals, you'll find many have a hard time with their wives, partners, families or siblings. You're so close to your bandmates, and then all of a sudden you're thrust back into a world that's alien.

We don't tend to talk about mental health and the road crew.
There are organizations these days to address these issues, but back then there was no support. Remember, we're alpha personalities. We don't like saying, "I'm hurting," or, "I can't do this," probably because we know if we do say that, someone else will come in and take our place. On tour, life doesn't slow down.

You write that internationally touring bands were the real magic, as they gave you access to the world. Was traveling a priority for you?
It was the only priority to me! It was, without doubt, my highest priority. I never wanted more money, or anything financially precious. I just wanted more; I knew there was more out there, and I wanted to discover it all. I wanted to experience different cultures.

Has that love of travel stayed with you?
It hasn't stopped! I haven't stopped moving on! I'm somewhere for a few years, and then I want to continue learning. There's forever more out there.

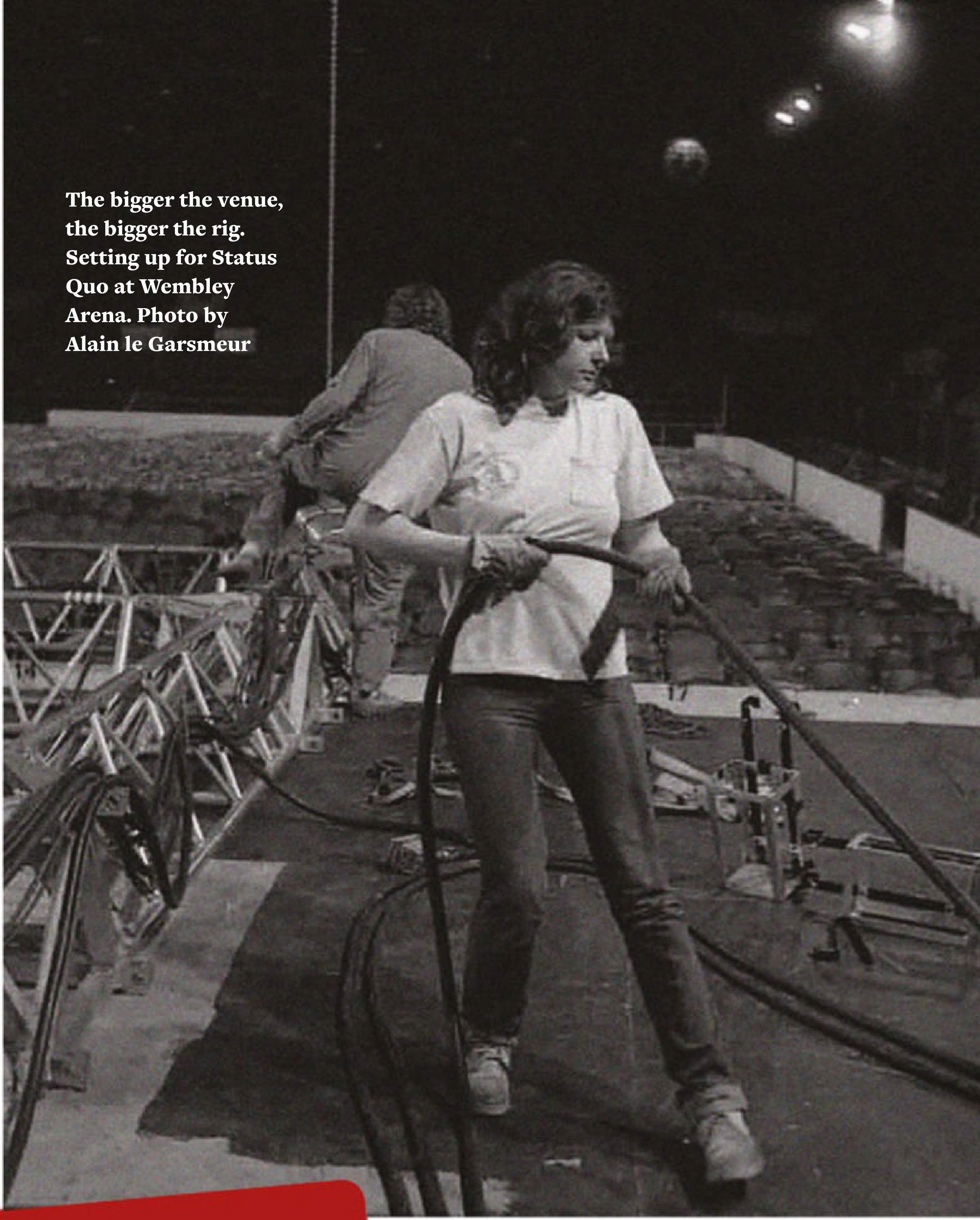
Tell me about Status Quo.
Status Quo is one of my darling bands, above most others. They were such fun to work with. Again, it was like a family unit. We built our own systems and worked with them directly, so that broke away another layer of separation. They're funny guys, and they were at their peak. They were having a ball, loving the shows, loving their music, loving their fans. I worked with them at the perfect time. There's a magic when a band's first forming. They're still fresh and so vibrant. I don't like working for old, jaded bands, and, unfortunately, there are a lot out there!

What are your memories of Iggy Pop?
There was some guy at a show in the U.K., who was trying to get backstage at Iggy's show. The guy didn't have a pass. In fact, it was a prime example of me being bad with names. I got back to the dressing room and said, "He says he's supposed to be here," but I couldn't remember his name. They asked, "What does he look like?" I said, "Kind of average, kind of old." "What do you mean by old, how old?" they asked. "At least 27 or 28," I replied. Then I realized that's how old they all were. That was my cue to leave!

It was in 1970 on the Whitesnake tour that you found out you were pregnant. What memories does that bring back for you?
Getting pregnant wasn't something that was in the cards, you know. It was terrifying to be honest. I got on a plane from Europe to Australia, and I fell apart. I didn't know where to turn. I thought that Australia was at least the only place where I had a bit of support. I hadn't seen my mother since I started working with AC/DC. We'd spoken, but I hadn't seen her. I'd spent all my time around guys, and I had no one to talk to. I knew it would be a deal-breaker for my career. It was a huge decision to make, all of a sudden. I didn't know how well equipped I would be to handle a family of my own. I didn't want to deal with the father. But I had my son, and my mother decided it would be a good idea [for her] to raise him. We agreed that I would continue to work in Europe and support them both. It didn't work out.

Your mother let you down again?
I thought she was better; I thought she didn't drink anymore. She had a bigger place. I got her settled. She had a garden and was cooking and doing all sorts of things I hadn't seen her do before. I'd heard stories about grandparents being closer to grandchildren than [their kids], and maybe it was just wishful thinking. Unfortunately, she still saw it as a way to torture me.

You ask in your book if you're allowed not to love your mother.
Just because someone's a parent, loving them isn't obligatory. I understand there's natural DNA, but that only goes so far. I can only speak from my own experience, but you have to decide if you're prepared to love someone without any boundaries. I got to a place where I finally forgave her for what she did to me and my son. What's that saying? Seek revenge, and you should dig two graves, one for yourself. Finally, I realized I had to let it go. I came to as much peace as I



The bigger the venue, the bigger the rig. Setting up for Status Quo at Wembley Arena. Photo by Alain le Garsmeur

could find. But let me say, it wasn't easy.

You have some memories of Elton John.
I worked with Elton for four years, which were during his difficult years. He went through a really rough patch. He threw great parties. People used to loving doing his tours for the eye candy because you never knew who was going to turn up. But he's just not my kind of person. I'm not a fancy dresser. I don't drive expensive cars. I don't eat with gold cutlery. There's a side to him that's really nice, and that's flourished later in life. He's got a family now. He seems happy with his husband [David Furnish] and children [Zachary, 10, and Elijah, 8, who were born via surrogate in the U.S.]. At the time I worked with him, you couldn't have paid me any amount of money to do another tour with him. So, it makes me happy to see he's come through it.

In your book, you mention Yoko Ono and Sean, her son with the late John Lennon.
Yoko came onstage at Madison Square Garden to commemorate John. She had Sean with her. It was a big deal then. There were lots of security men in black around, maybe a dozen. They came up onstage with her. Remember her husband had been shot, and she had his child with her. I had a sweet moment with him, little Sean. They were dragging him up the steps, and his shoelaces were undone. I grabbed him, put him on my knee and started doing up his laces. All these men in black swarmed around shouting, "Freeze." I said, "His laces are undone." Sean smiled, gave me a hug, said thank you, and they whisked him up onstage.

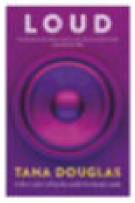
In your epilogue you write, "if you want it done, leave it to a roadie." Does that kind of sum it all up?
We roadies don't mess around! We don't have time for red tape. We just do the job. If anyone asks you do something, you just figure out how to do it. We find solutions. Management companies and agents, they're the ones going through emails and contracts. When I was asked if I could get INXS, I said sure. I spoke to people I knew and made it happen. It's just how you do it. You reach out to a friend. That's just how we roll!

WE ROADIES DON'T MESS AROUND! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR RED TAPE. WE JUST DO THE JOB.

BACKSTAGE PASS

You also included a memoriam in the book. Was that your idea?
Yes, and it's not a full list. It's just a short list of people who have passed from within the industry and are relevant to the stories told in the book. Each chapter has a song title, which gives you some idea about what's going to happen in that chapter. I also included a playlist. My book basically gives the reader broad coverage of three decades of music. I really hope people enjoy it. ●

LOUD: A Life in Rock 'n' Roll by the World's First Female Roadie by Tana Douglas (ABC Books, $34.99). Buy the ebook via: http://apple.co/3remxuW



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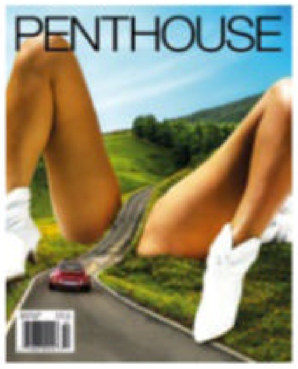

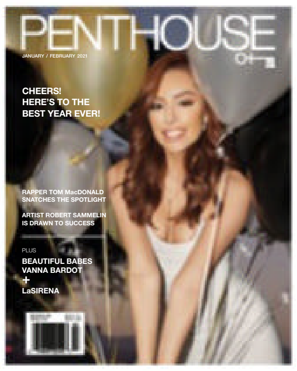
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HELLO, NAKID HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHER
DUSTIN HOLLYWOOD

212
do not disturb

DUSTIN Hollywood is a Miami-based photographer and filmmaker with an impressive client list, including Steve Aoki, Converse, Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week, *Superior Magazine*, Dirtybird Records, SXSW, Euphoria Music Festival, VICE and many others. He's also the founder of *NAKID Magazine*, an online publication focusing on sex, culture, music and art. A year after he picked up a camera, he got his first big break as a B-roll shooter for a Converse promotional campaign.

"It was in L.A., and I remember being starstruck that I was even in that position because they loved my nightlife style that I had been developing," Dustin recalls. "But I was scared shitless and had no clue what I was doing. It ended up great, though."

From there, Dustin kicked off his career shooting everything from his personal projects, to fashion and music photography. In 2012, he served as Aoki's personal photographer, and two years later broadened his creative horizons by founding *NAKID Magazine*, which is dedicated to highlighting promising photographers and artists.

"*NAKID Magazine* is a platform I created to give amateur and up-and-coming artists trying to break into the industry a place they could showcase their work and not feel judged by how popular or perfect/narrowly curated their work was," he says.

"Being an artist myself, and that I had to struggle to get the industry to believe in my style, work was difficult, and I know what that's like, so we try to curate and support creative vision wherever it may come from. We were those kids once. There are so many deeply hard-working and inspiring creators out there [who are] never given a chance and never give up. That is who inspires me."

Like so many photographers and artists who predominantly display their work online, Dustin's work is vulnerable to censorship.

"Art is dying in the light of a digital media revolution, while traditional publication is dying as well—a medium I personally love. Social media companies like Google, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter are the greatest threat to our future freedom to express volumes or variations on creativity," explains Dustin.

"Censorship is wrong, if you don't like something, shut the fuck up and look away because you don't get to tell anyone what is good, bad or worthy of existence."

INSTAGRAM: **@DustinHollywoodPhoto**
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CREDIT: SYLPHSIA

TASTE OF SUMMER

AS THE WEATHER WARMS UP, THE TIME IS NOW TO REINVENT YOUR LOOK AND KEEP YOUR COOL. FROM FACIAL GROOMING, TO LUXURY WATCHES, FLASHY NEW CARS, TO FRAGRANCE, WE'VE GOT YOUR LIFESTYLE COVERED FOR THE NEW SEASON.

CUBE
FIB
FULL INTEGRATED BATTERY

Fully Integrated Battery

SCHWALBE
SMART SAM
CUBE
ACID

E-BIKES

SCOOT PAST THE STIGMA AND CONSIDER THESE BENEFITS

IN a world that is demanding, we take our carbon footprint more seriously, but the argument for and against the e-bike seems like one that continues to divide.

Purists believe they are lazy and take away from the joy of a more traditional ride, while motorheads bemoan a lack of torque. But to think of an e-bike as a direct replacement for either of these forms is somewhat missing the point.

Ask anyone who has to do a 40-mile daily round trip commute how much energy they have left for work, or how much fuel the same distance would cost in a car or motorcycle, and we start to see e-bikes more than have a place.

Settings on e-bike batteries also mean you can decide which moments you get that little extra pump of assistance, leaving you free to put in more effort on flatter terrain if you want to stay fit.

They're also perfect for off-road surfaces from bush to beach, with a battery life of up to 75 miles giving you the peace of mind needed for a substantial ride.

E-bikes have been accepted by one community of hardcore bike fans. Many riders involved in high-speed descents are now using them to get back up to the top of trails quicker, and get two or three more downhill rides in a single session—with energy left to burn.

The stigma attached to these machines will always be frowned upon by a few, but the tables have definitely turned. With designs more defined, batteries that last longer than ever and favorable price points, it might be just time to change your opinion when it comes to e-bikes. ❶

SCHWALBE
SMART SAM

The Cube Reaction Hybrid Performance Electric Mountain Bike is built to take the road less traveled. Its high performance aluminium frame carries the Bosch PowerTube 400 Battery, which is seamlessly integrated for a balanced ride that feels as good as it looks. It's paired with a Gen 3 Bosch Performance Drive Unit (250 watt) for a smooth ride that climbs with ease, so you can enjoy the best parts of biking, whether on the road or off.

CREDIT: WWW.CUBE.EU

BRAUN WET-DRY SHAVER

CRAFTING YOUR LOOK STARTS WITH THE RIGHT TOOLS

Series 9
S9
wet&dry
9
BRAUN

IF you like a cleanly shaven mug, finding the right tools to keep your chops in shape is a must.

Those of us who like a smooth face know all too well the pitfalls of daily shaving, but the team at Braun have tweaked one of their best sellers to make sure close shaves and irritated skin need not be mentioned in the same sentence.

Their Series 9 9390cc electric shaver can be used for both wet and dry shaves. That means whether you're looking to take away excess stubble while on the move, or fully foamed up in front of your bathroom mirror in the morning, whiskers can be removed with quick and efficient ease.

The product has several features that make easy work of even the most wayward growth. A lift and cut trim draws away flat-lying hair to get closer to the root in one movement, while a skin guard and 2x Opti Foil protect your skin during every stroke.

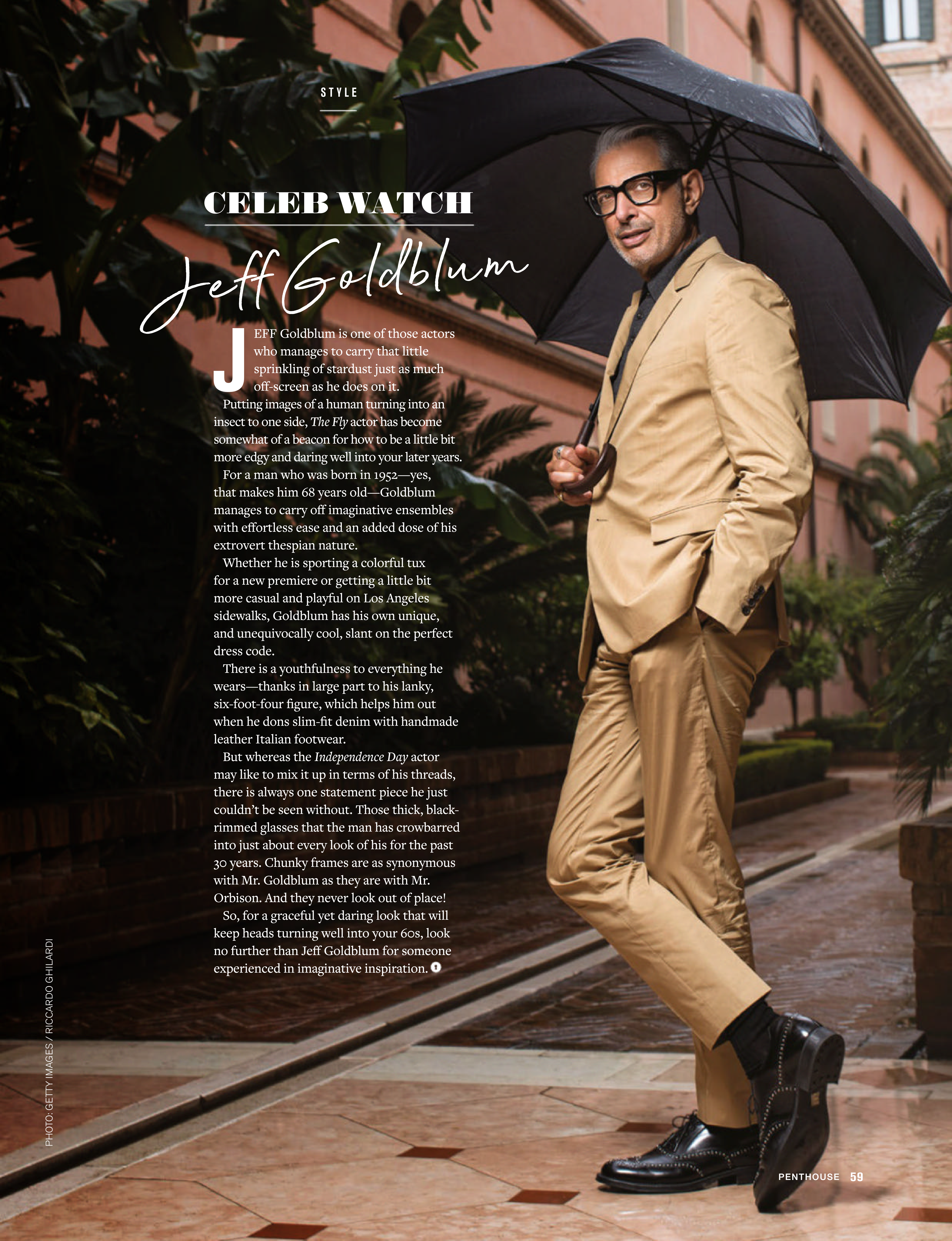
A MacroMotion Flex Head adapts to the unique shape of your face to give you optimum skin contact, even when whipping off overgrown beards and 'staches.

The series Series 9 9390cc also promises plenty of longevity, with a 60-minute battery life after a full charge—ideal for meeting-heavy business trips or weekend getaways when time is of the essence.

And to top it all off, the Series 9 9390cc comes with a Clean and Charge Station. This clever little device not only charges your shaver but when selected, cleans, lubricates and dries the trimmers and guards, so it stays fresh and ready for use. ●

Clean and Charge

CREDIT: BRAUN



CELEB WATCH

Jeff Goldblum

JEFF Goldblum is one of those actors who manages to carry that little sprinkling of stardust just as much off-screen as he does on it.

Putting images of a human turning into an insect to one side, *The Fly* actor has become somewhat of a beacon for how to be a little bit more edgy and daring well into your later years.

For a man who was born in 1952—yes, that makes him 68 years old—Goldblum manages to carry off imaginative ensembles with effortless ease and an added dose of his extrovert thespian nature.

Whether he is sporting a colorful tux for a new premiere or getting a little bit more casual and playful on Los Angeles sidewalks, Goldblum has his own unique, and unequivocally cool, slant on the perfect dress code.

There is a youthfulness to everything he wears—thanks in large part to his lanky, six-foot-four figure, which helps him out when he dons slim-fit denim with handmade leather Italian footwear.

But whereas the *Independence Day* actor may like to mix it up in terms of his threads, there is always one statement piece he just couldn't be seen without. Those thick, black-rimmed glasses that the man has crowbarred into just about every look of his for the past 30 years. Chunky frames are as synonymous with Mr. Goldblum as they are with Mr. Orbison. And they never look out of place!

So, for a graceful yet daring look that will keep heads turning well into your 60s, look no further than Jeff Goldblum for someone experienced in imaginative inspiration.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / RICCARDO GHILARDI

The Numbers*	Taycan 4S	Taycan Turbo	Taycan Turbo S
Top speed	155 mph	161 mph	161 mph
Acceleration 0 - 60 mph with Launch Control	3.8 s	3.0 s	2.6 s
Overboost Power with Launch Control up to (kW)/Overboost Power with Launch Control up to (PS)	390 kW/ 530 PS	500 kW/ 680 PS	560 kW/ 761 PS

*Performance Information courtesy of porsche.com

PLUG & PLAY

PORSCHE LAUNCHES ITS FIRST ALL-ELECTRIC SEDAN

THE word Porsche calls to mind a turbocharged engine in a car capable of hugging curves and cornering faster than most of us have ever gone in a straight line. The German sports car giant is as relevant today as it was when its vehicles first hit our roads back in 1931.

But marques such as Porsche have been coming under increasing pressure over the past 10 years to come up with high-performance, eco-friendly designs—and in the process recognize their importance to the carbon-free direction of the industry as a whole.

In response, they have created the Taycan 4S—a high-performance electric car—and pretty much hit the ball out of the park at their first attempt.

Going through just a few of its impressive stats is enough to turn the head of even the most ardent gearhead. It does zero to 60 in 2.6 seconds, has a battery that can last up to 287 miles—and a top speed of 155mph. Not bad!

But as important as performance is, it's not the only characteristic that makes this instant classic stand out.

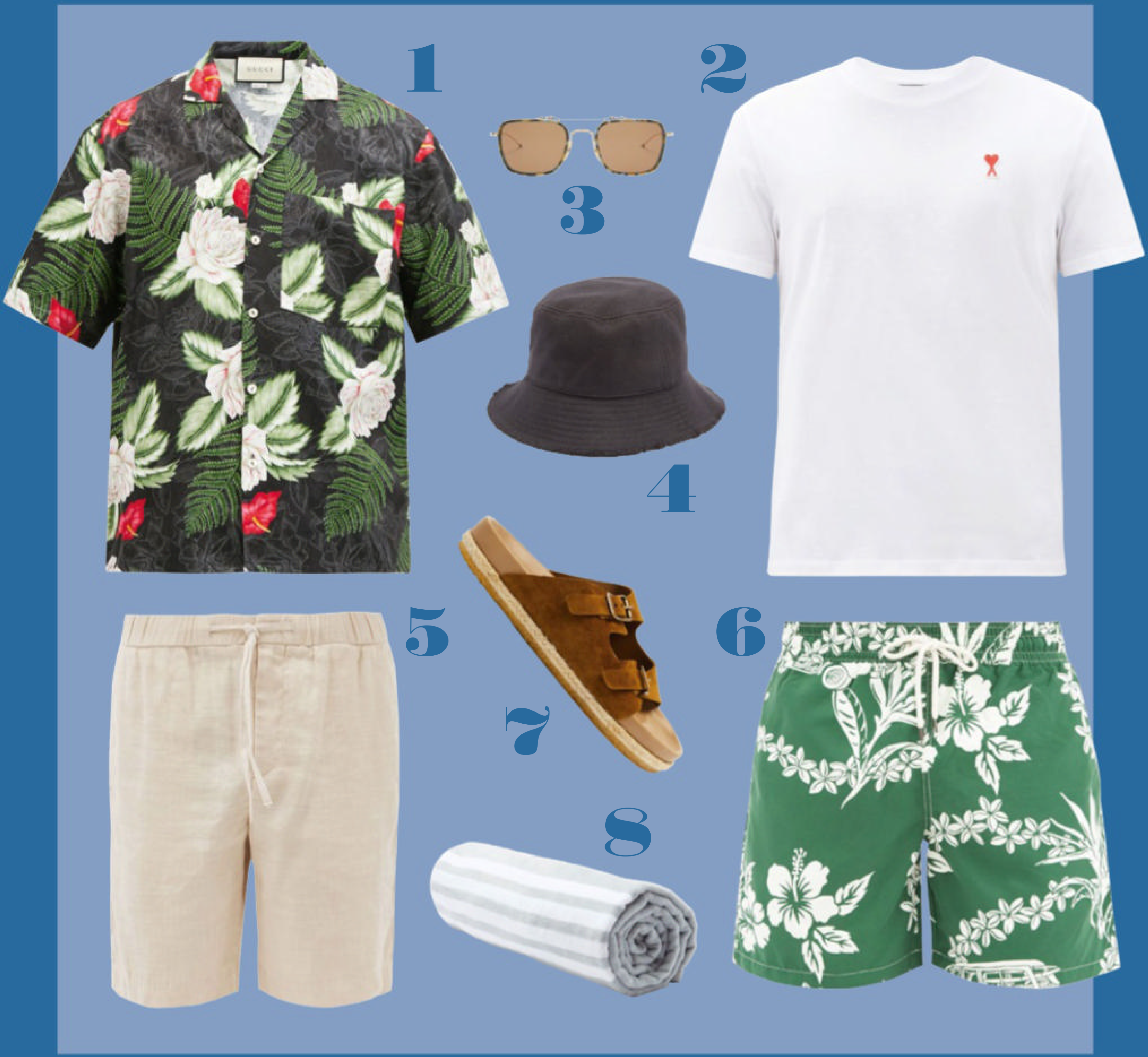
The iconic Porsche silhouette has been maintained, so prying eyes are never in doubt about what you're driving. When sitting behind the wheel, the interior resembles something akin to a sci-fi movie, with a 16.8 inch digital widescreen providing key information from current speed to engine management.

Unlike many higher-end Porsche models, this version comes with four doors and enough legroom for all four passengers. Perfect for impressing a small entourage on a luxe weekend getaway.

The Taycan 4S has arrived with a bang and is the first glimpse into the future of Porsche. It's now available and can be all yours for around $105,000—depending on your choice of bells and whistles!

THE OUTDOOR COOK

NOTHING SAYS 'SUMMER WEEKEND' LIKE A BARBEQUE FEAST, AND IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE GRILL, IT'S BEST TO LOOK THE PART



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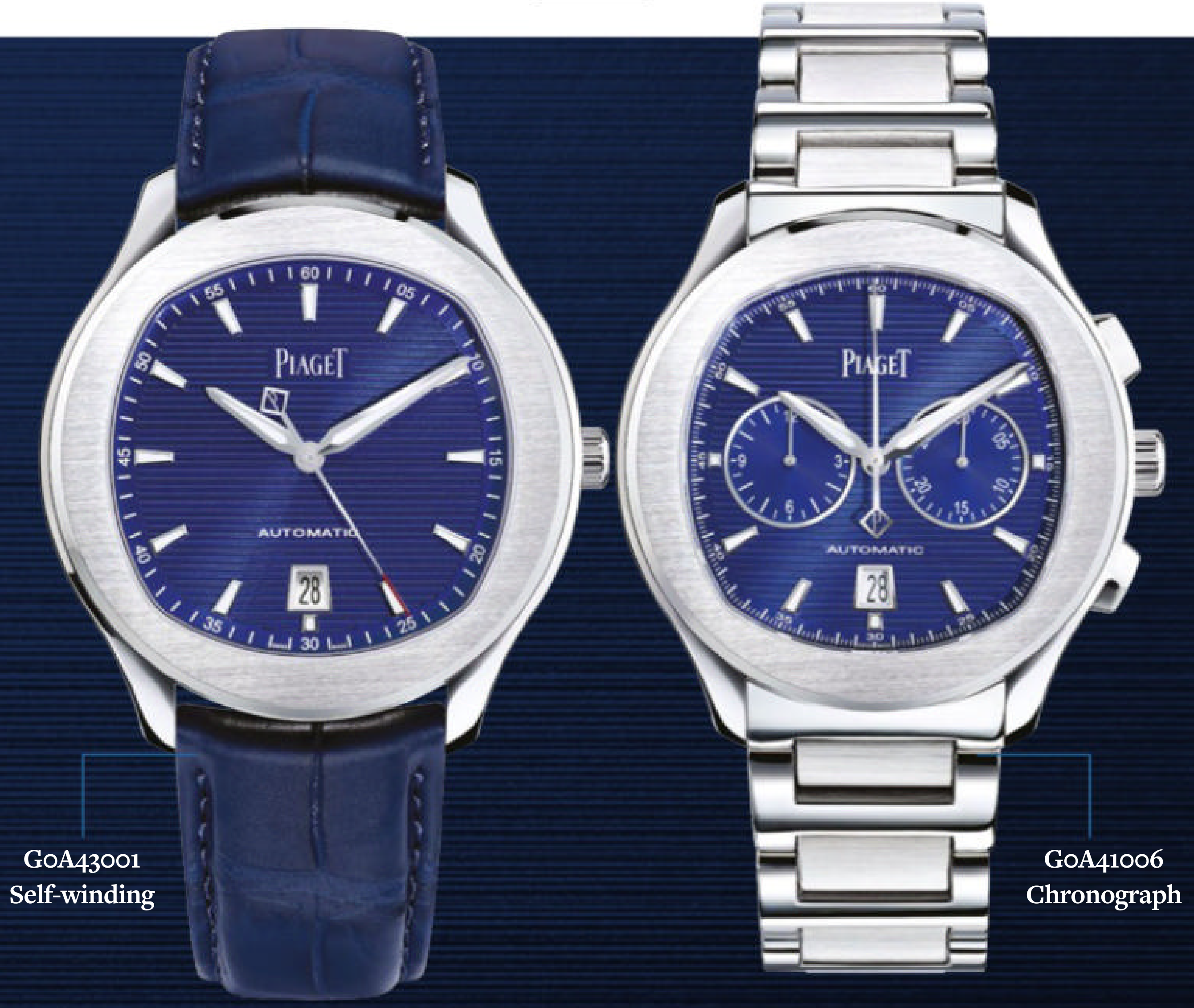

G0A43001
Self-winding

G0A41006
Chronograph

THE ONE TO WATCH

IT'S THE FINER DETAILS THAT CREATE A LUXURY WATCH

SWISS watchmaker Piaget has been creating outstanding, handmade timepieces in Geneva since 1874.

Their flawless creations complement their intricate engineering, which puts their products on par with the country's most influential watch manufacturers.

The Polo is one of their most iconic chronographs. It was first designed and produced in 1979 and has since achieved legendary status. To this day, it is one of their most sought-after exports due to its casual elegance, which makes it perfect for a wide range of occasions.

A luxury watch is about so much more than time. It's an extension of the person who wears it. A telling glimpse into their lifestyle, wealth and prosperity—without the need for words. This is exactly what the Polo offers.

The latest version is available with an alternating polished and satin-brushed steel bracelet that holds a 42mm diameter sapphire crystal case back against the wrist.

But the finer details are what really bring this piece to the fore, including a blue horizontal guilloche dial with luminescent hour markers, the Piaget coat of arms engraved on the back and the chronograph's second hand, which features a letter "P" for complete authenticity.

CREDIT: WWW.PIAGET.COM

BYREDO
SPACE RAGE
TRAVX

TRAVIS SCOTT X BYREDO FRAGRANCE COLLABORATION

TWO GIANTS, ONE FRAGRANCE, AND IT'S SELLING OUT FAST

RAPPER. Singer. Songwriter. Producer. Platinum-selling artist. There are many words one thinks of when it comes to the work and success of Travis Scott—a man who started on the tough streets of Texas and made his way to the top of the music world.

But candles and perfumes? Well, yes! You can now add a highly successful fragrance collaboration to that list—thanks to the *Astroworld* artist's work with Ben Gotham's Byredo brand.

Byredo is well-known for reinventing luxury. From leather accessories and makeup, to candles and fragrances, the Swedish-Canadian company always seems to get it right when putting a new spin on things.

The collaborative effort between these two giants of their respective industries is a scent called Space Rage, which is available in candle form and as a 3.4 ounce eau de parfum. The latter has been so successful that the first batch literally sold out within three hours of hitting the market back in November. Sought-after indeed!

Both products come encased in royal blue glass that fades to purple hues at the lower end and are labeled with Scott's trademark handwriting.

The information about the fragrance components of both have been purposely left a little abstract, encouraging us to use our imagination. It's refreshingly free of the pretentious jargon associated with virtually every other major fragrance release.

Base notes are described as "atmospheric vapour," with a top of "cosmic dust and antimatter particles." These notes from outer space almost encourage us to desire the fragrance even more!

CREDIT: BYREDO

PAUL ANTHONY
paulanthonylabelsydney.com

WILD IN THE JUNGLE

JUNGLE JOHANNA

PHOTOGRAPHER
NATALIE HARRISON
MOONFIRE PHOTO
@MOONFIREPHOTO

crybaby
XXIV

WITH a sassy style all her own, Jungle Johanna turns heads everywhere she goes. Long and lean, the leggy looker is a classically trained dancer, but the former ballerina has hung up her pointe shoes. Now, the Miami-based beauty is giving modeling and personal training a twirl. When she's not strutting her stuff on the catwalk or posing for a photographer's lens, the globe-trotting influencer is serving looks on Instagram—and helping clients create their own through body-sculpting workouts.

Standing at a stately five-foot-ten, the B-cup blonde gives off a retro vibe with no shortage of modern-day chic—proving she's as comfortable in her own skin as she is in the latest fashion. But we'll let her body of work speak for itself.

FAST FACTS

- Her ideal date: Dinner and dick.
- Her fetish: Sucking on toes.
- What gets her in trouble: My mouth.
- Her one-day orgasm record: 11
- Her favorite fantasy: Being filthy rich.
- The artist whose music gets her in the mood: Erykah Badu
- Her celebrity sex fantasy: Tupac Shakur
- What she considers romantic: When someone cooks for me.

INSTAGRAM: @junglejohanna
WEBSITE: junglejohanna.com
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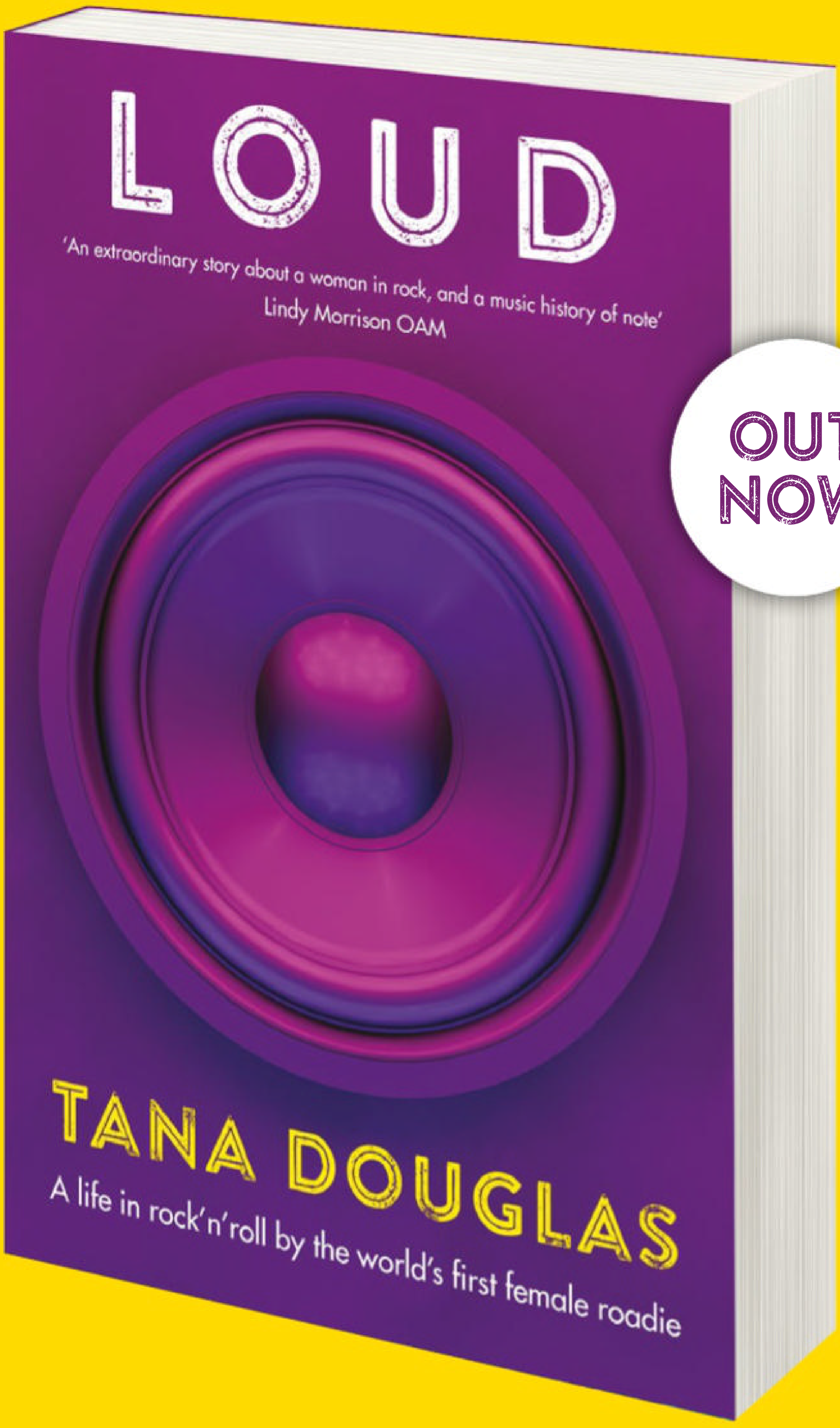
saint

WHAT GOES ON TOUR, STAYS ON TOUR... OR DOES IT?


LOUD
'An extraordinary story about a woman in rock, and a music history of note'
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CAAWA

THE QUEEN OF POP ART

PURE POP ART WITH A PROVOCATIVE TWIST

MOTHER Pop is the alter ego of Irish artist Cavanagh Foyle, a former aviation lawyer who creates eye-catching, large scale, provocative pop art paintings, often infused with typography and her signature "squiggs."

What inspired you to become an aviation lawyer?
A random piece of history about my hometown is that the first-ever transatlantic flight crash landed just a stone's throw from where my family home now stands. The pilots [John Alcock and Arthur Brown] stayed with my grandparents after their crash, so seeing the pictures and hearing the stories of aviation history that was made on my doorstep was always something I loved. Add watching way too much *Ally McBeal* growing up, it just seemed like a fun idea to combine law and aviation and become an aviation lawyer!

What inspired the transition from aviation law to a career in art?
Art has always been my true passion and something that I kept exploring on my own all through my law jobs. I realized quite quickly that life as a lawyer wasn't as fun as the TV shows, but in Ireland the idea of being a pop artist was just not realistic. However, I decided for myself that it was going to become a viable career and I was going to make it happen. So about two years ago, I quit my job and developed my pop artist alter ego: Mother Pop!

Where did the name Mother Pop come from?
Initially, I was just trying to find a good Instagram name that wasn't my own name. I wanted it to represent the fact that I was a female pop artist ... and Mother Pop came to mind, and the tagline "The Queen Mother of Pop" just stuck!

How would you describe your art?
Mother Pop is pure pop art with a very cheeky, provocative twist! It's cartoon land for grown-ups. It's primary color overload. It's happiness and naughtiness. I am obsessed with pop culture, pop nostalgia and everything POP! And that's what shows up in my art, with a healthy serving of sideboob and underbutt.

What's the story behind your signature "squiggs?"
I wanted to have something that was instantly recognizable as my art, but I didn't want to pigeonhole myself into only creating a certain type of art, like just bodies or just faces. Then I remembered whenever my dad was on the landline phone when I was growing up he would draw squiggles on pieces of paper as he talked, the same ones over and over again, and I used to always copy him. So, it was an aha moment like that. I decided that was going to be my signature style and to call them "squiggs." I put them everywhere now—thanks, Dad!

What tools do you use to create your work?
I create two types of art: big canvas pieces and framed digital pieces. The tools and processes for both are quite different. For canvas pieces, I use lots of spray paint. I print out images very big and cut them up and wheat-paste them onto the canvas and then go in with acrylics and markers. It is quite a methodical process. For digital pieces, I allow myself a bit more room to experiment because I can modify and change things easier. I do it all with my trusty iPad and Apple pen. A lot of people think I use Photoshop for my digital pieces, but embarrassingly, I actually don't even know how to use Photoshop! I just use a basic drawing app and my digital pen and experiment with ideas and photos I have saved from my Notes app.

What inspires your art?
Instagram is a big source of inspiration for my work. I love all the accounts that show old pop nostalgia. I save all the images that give me a fuzzy feeling or appeal to my imagination. It could be a 1992 cover of *Vogue* or a Rottweiler wearing a diamond necklace. Then I just think about how I can bring them into my work in a new and mind-tickling way. Travel inspires so much, too. If I don't travel every so often, I find I get into creative slumps. I need to experience new places to spark new ideas.

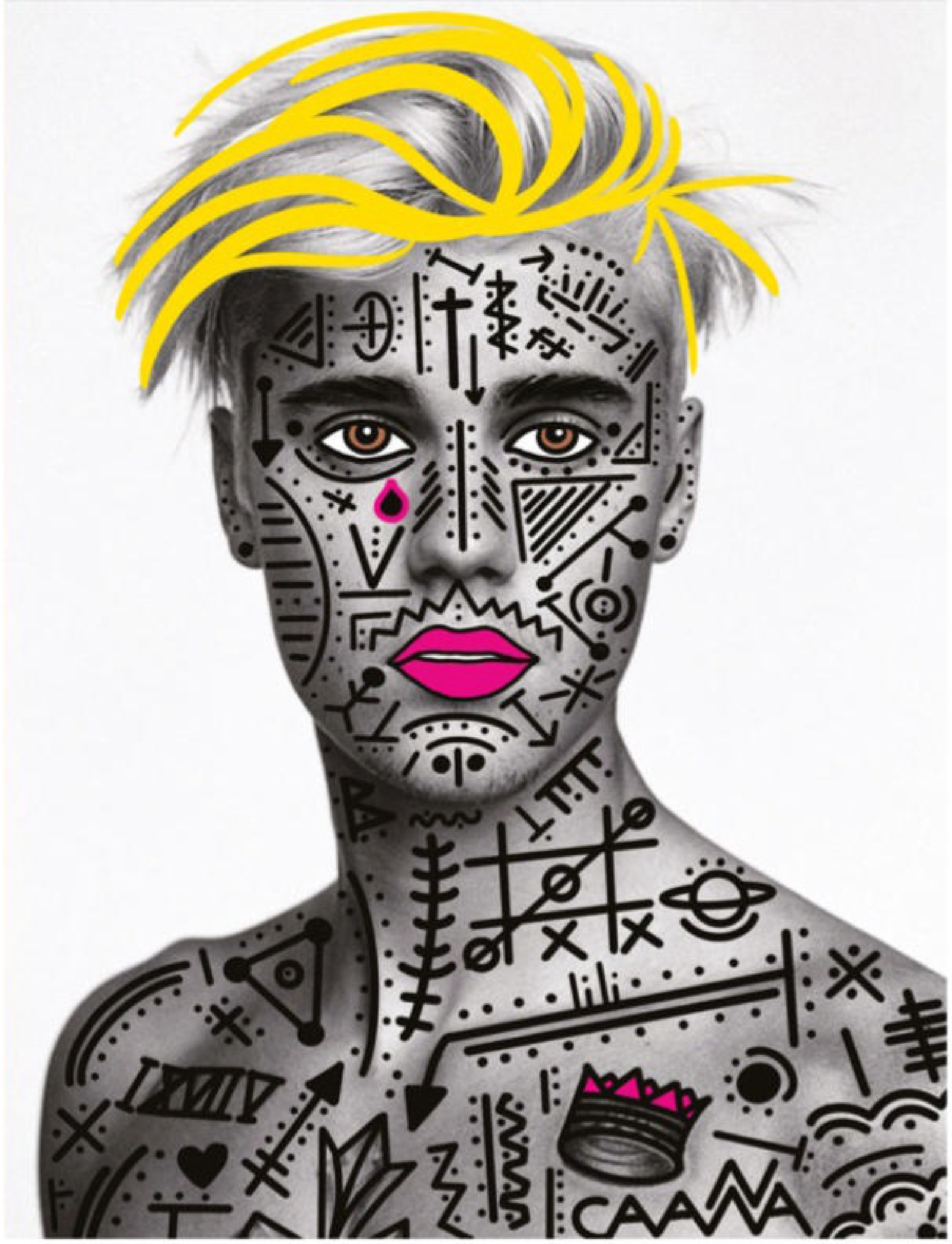
Are there any crossovers between your work in aviation law and art?
There actually is. I adore the visual of an aircraft, especially the old vintage silver ones, private jets and abandoned planes. So one of my next series is going to be squigged-up planes! Also, one of my first art pieces I made was of an airplane, which the aviation company I used to work for now has.

What's been your biggest learning curve since pursuing a career in art?
That you need to be persistent in getting your art in front of eyes and not just focus on galleries to show your art. You need to make that "dolla" yourself and talk to people about art, engage with the audience you have, get them excited! I have learned if I sell one piece to someone, there is a big chance they come back for a second and a third. So work hard to get that first-time collector and then nurture that artist-collector relationship!

What advice would you give to someone wanting to pursue art?
Do it! But have a plan. I kept working while plotting my art move. Save your money, so you can afford to give yourself the time you need to create a substantial body of work and get some momentum going. If it goes tits up, you can always just go back to work. At least you will have pursued something that means something to you. Don't expect miracles straight away. Expect to fail a few times; it will eventually lead to growth. Life is too short not to do what you want. Be selfish with your own dreams.

What's the most surreal thing that's happened to you since pursuing Mother Pop?
When Kourtney Kardashian posted my art on her Instagram stories, that was pretty surreal!

WEBSITE: **motherpopworld.com**
INSTAGRAM: **@mother.pop**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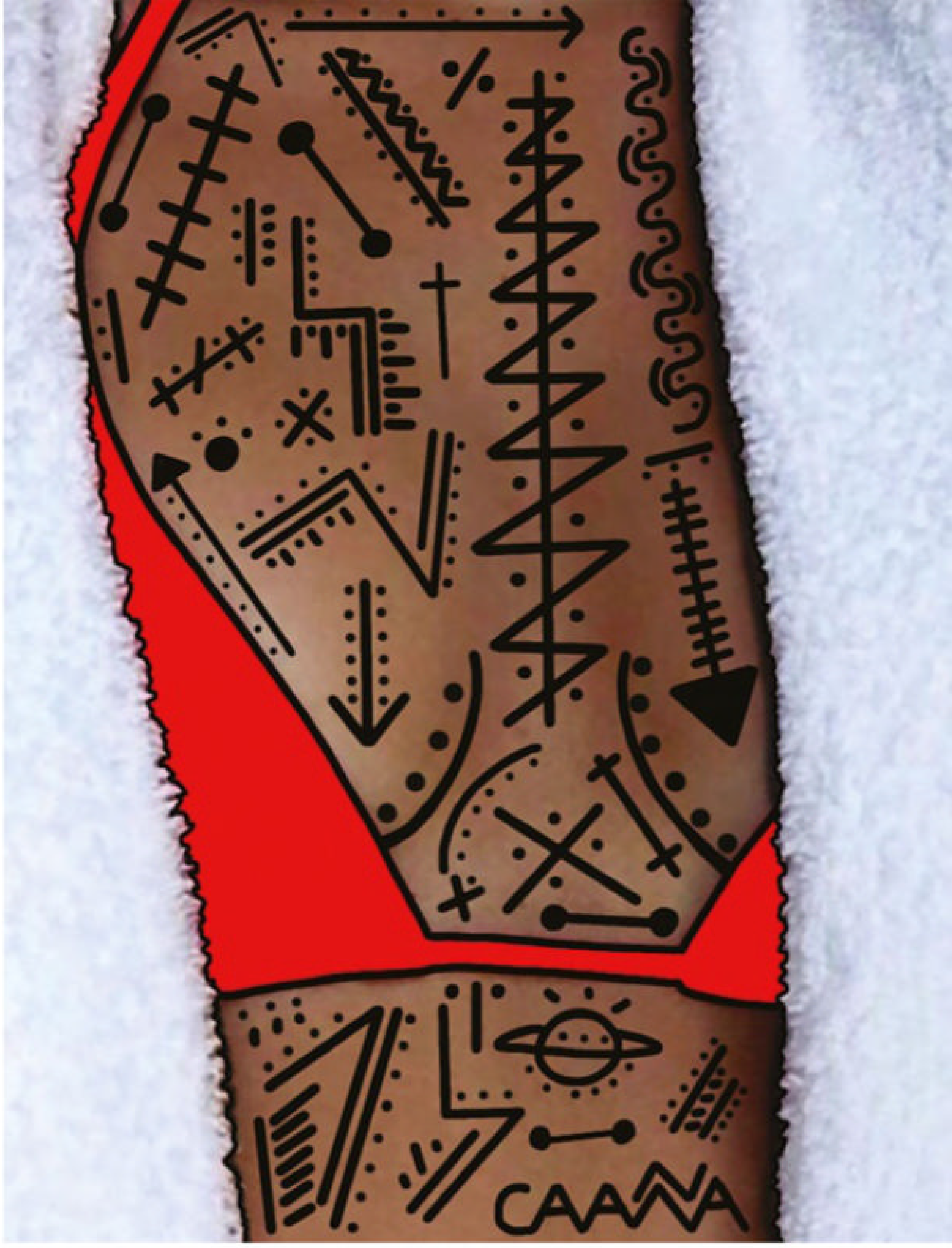
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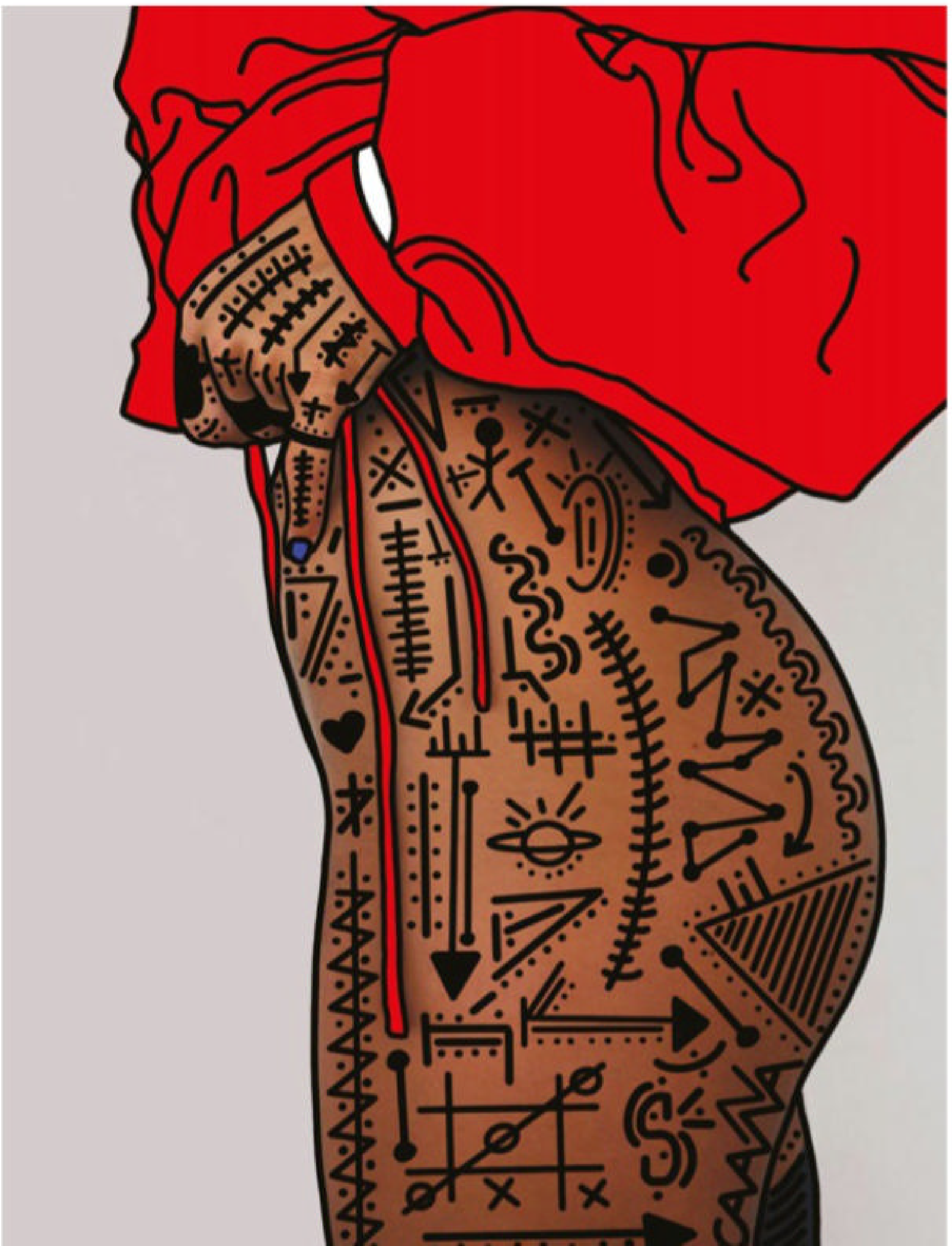
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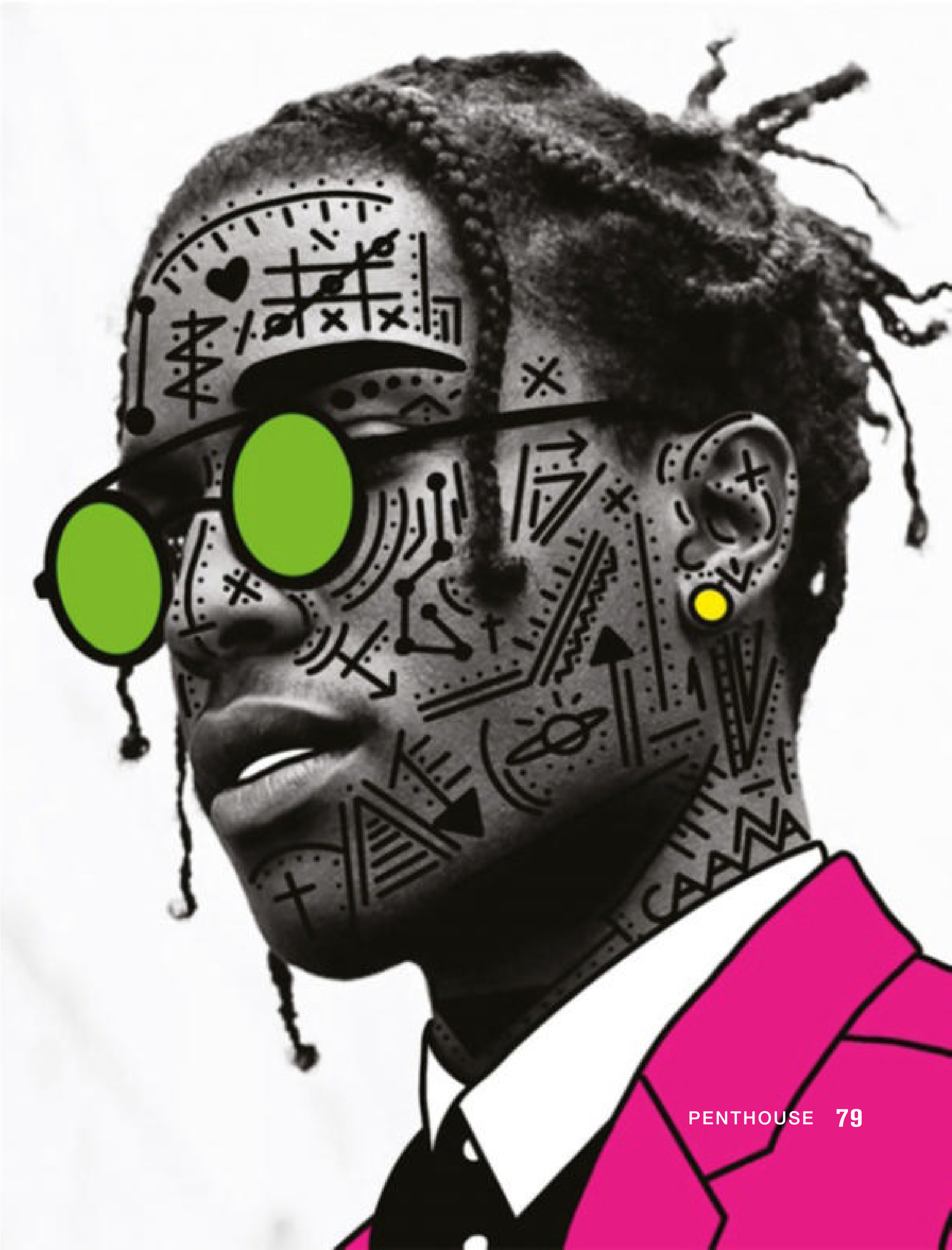
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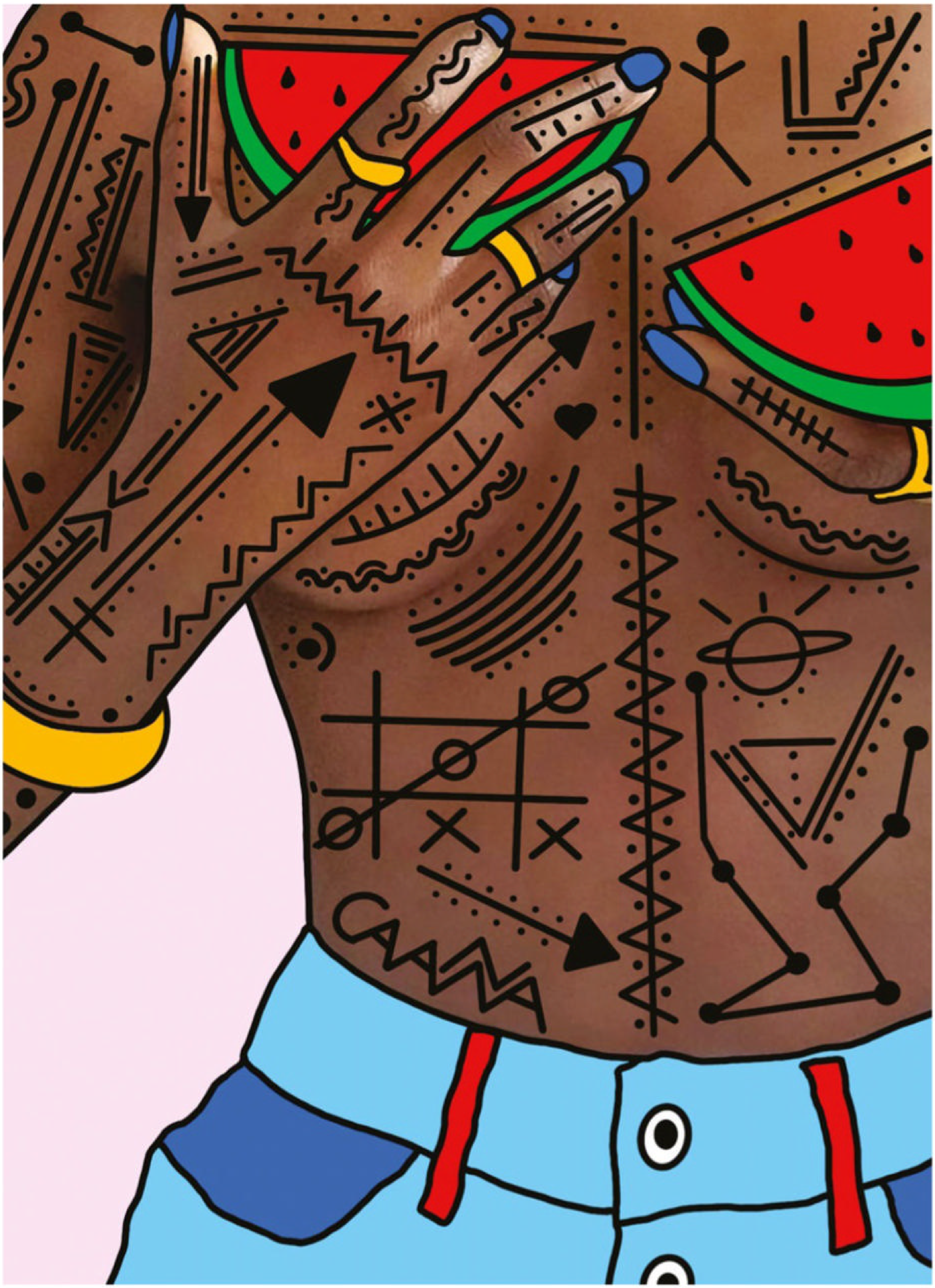
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TRU KAIT

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR
@GERALDDEBEHR

CALIFORNIA girl Tru Kait's beguiling smile and bangin' bod make it easy to see why we've chosen the sultry brunette as May's Penthouse Pet of the Month. As her stunning photos show, this curvy beauty exudes a smoldering sexuality—but she's not afraid to show her cheeky side. Fine and fierce? Without a doubt. She's locked and loaded—and with her good looks and undeniable charm, there's no doubt she'll shoot straight to the top. We asked the 23-year-old former personal trainer some questions about her life and career, so read on and learn what makes Tru Kait tick.

You're from Long Beach, Calif. What are your favorite things about your hometown?
The weather is perfect for year-round outdoor fun. With its proximity to lakes, the ocean and mountains, there are plenty of places to seek out adventure.

Since taking the leap into adult performing, you've been a model and also shoot films. What do you like most about your job?
Definitely the people I've met and connected with through my work. The community of creators I've surrounded myself with are like family to me.

What do you like to do in your spare time?
I love getting Thai massages to relax and recharge. But I'm pretty active. I like biking, hiking, weight-lifting and yoga. I also enjoy hosting get-togethers for my closest friends and going on little getaways to the mountains and the beach.

Which celebrity do you admire and why?
Jennifer Lopez. She's driven, multi-talented, a great role model for women, and she takes care of herself.

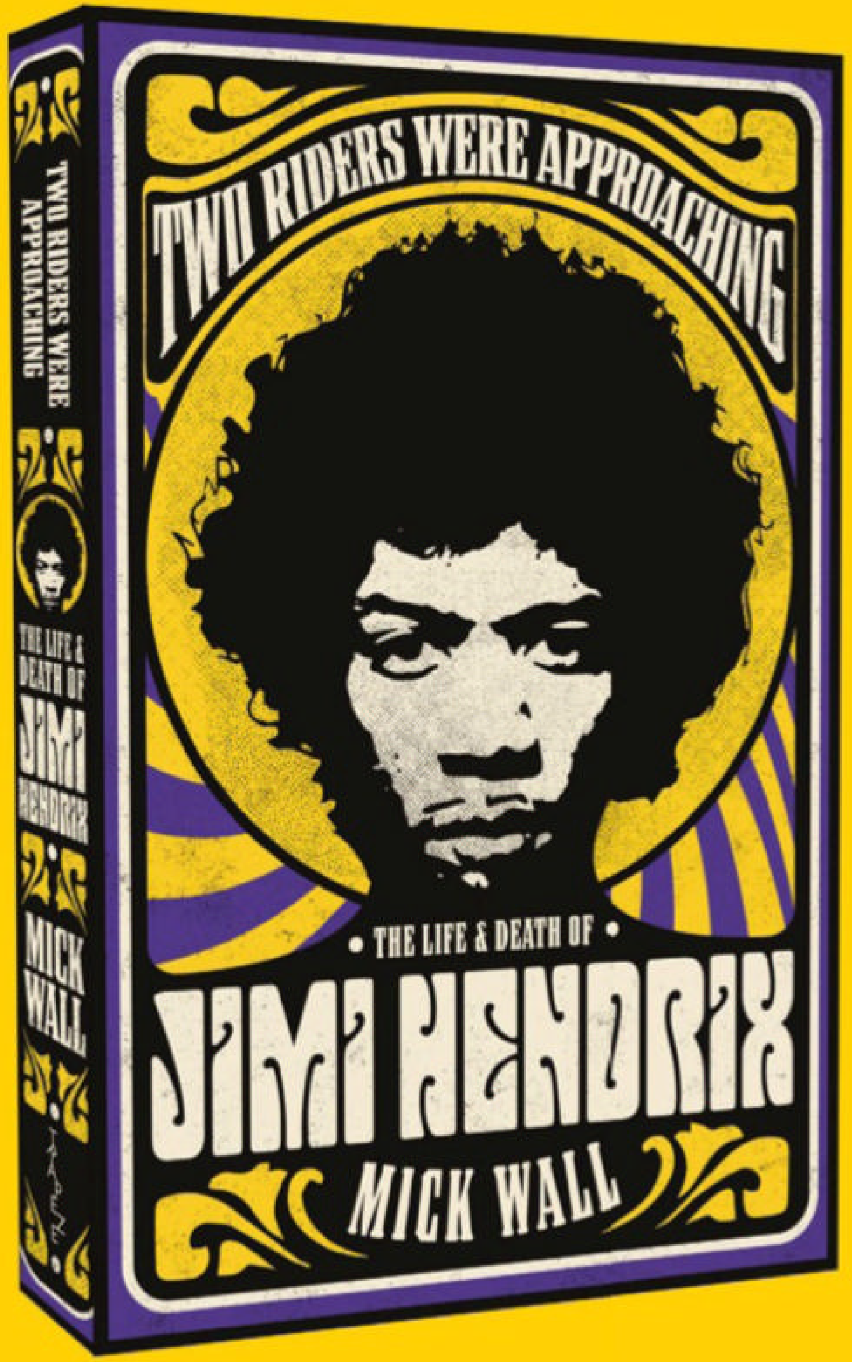
What's your favorite fantasy?
Having several men and women pleasing me entirely—while I lay back and enjoy their attention!

What are your turn-ons?
Intelligence, wittiness, a healthy lifestyle and good hygiene are important to me. But to seriously connect with a lover, I need to feel a sexual energy coursing between us.

Age: 23
Measurements: 34D-24-37
Hometown: Long Beach, Calif.
INSTAGRAM: @tru.kait
TWITTER: @trukaitx
WEBSITE: trukait.com

‘Give Wall an assignment
and you never quite know what kind of
story he will deliver. Except that it will be
enthralling, entertaining and scurrilous as hell.’

CLASSIC ROCK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• THE LIFE & DEATH OF •
JIMI HENDRIX
MICK WALL
TWO RIDERS WERE APPROACHING
THE LIFE & DEATH OF
JIMI HENDRIX
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LARRY FLYNT: THE ETERNAL HUSTLER

1942 - 2021

CREDIT: HUSTLER

PORN provocateur Larry Flynt found his purpose and pulpit via his *Hustler* empire—and in the process became one of America's greatest champions of First Amendment freedoms. But after nearly 50 years of taking aim at society's pearl-clutching prudes and censors, the colorful legend, 78, passed quietly in his sleep following a sudden illness on Feb. 10, 2021, at L.A.'s Cedars-Sinai Medical Center with his wife, Elizabeth, and daughter Theresa by his side. Now *Penthouse* takes a look back at his astonishing life and legacy.

The street-smart Kentucky native relied on his gutsy business instincts and personal grit to take him from an Ohio bar owner to president of a $100 million global brand, encompassing magazines, casinos, cable programming and more.

In 1972, Flynt created the *Hustler Newsletter*—a two-page, black and white publication to advertise his successful strip clubs of the same name. Two years later, that transformed into the raunchy and irreverent *Hustler* magazine—joining Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* and Bob Guccione's *Penthouse*—but with a brash style all its own.

Penthouse had already taken aim at *Playboy*'s prim pinups by bolding showing bush—but Flynt jumped into the fray with a new take on men's magazines, featuring crude cartoons, biting satire and graphic nudity of gals, as well as guys.

"I sensed that raw sex was what men wanted. And I was right," he said.

But what put *Hustler* on the map was Flynt's decision to fork over $18,000 for nude paparazzi pics of former first lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis sunbathing nude and publish them in the August 1975 issue, which sold one million copies in mere days!

Jackie O was one of the few who did not drag *Hustler* to court.

During his lifetime, Flynt was repeatedly sued and jailed for contempt, and was once ordered gagged in federal court for unleashing a foul-mouthed tirade. In 1976, he was convicted of obscenity and organized-crime charges in Cincinnati and sentenced to seven to 25 years behind bars—but only served six days after winning a dismissal upon appeal.

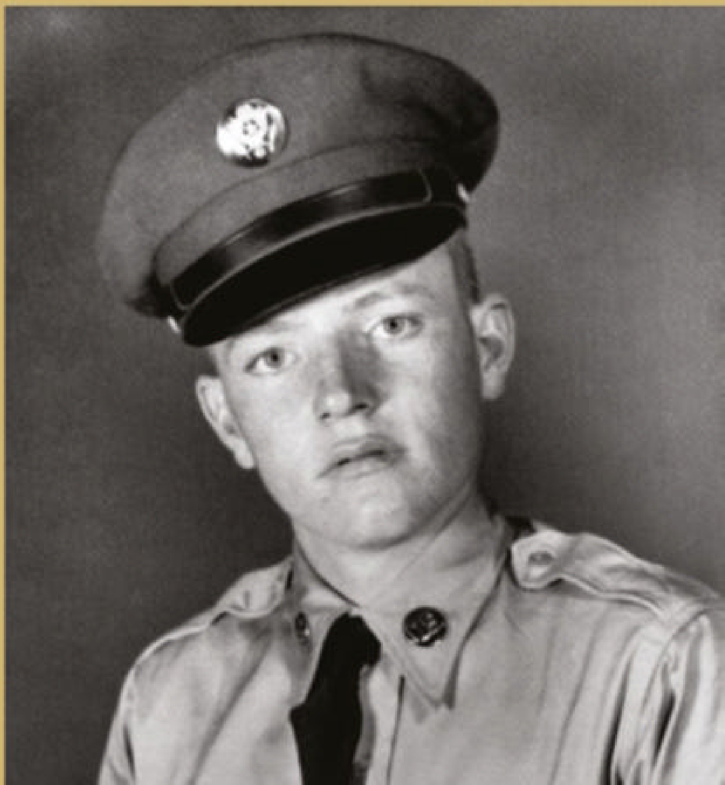
He said, "You got to stand in a courtroom and listen to a judge sentencing you to 25 years in prison before you realize that freedom of expression can no longer be taken for granted."

And Flynt quite literally took a bullet for the cause.

In 1978, amid a legal battle over obscenity charges in Georgia, Flynt was shot by a would-be assassin—the alleged gunman later claimed to be outraged by an interracial photo set in *Hustler*—and he was left partially paralyzed. But he never let his injuries cramp his style and used a gold-plated, velvet lined wheelchair.

Flynt's most notorious court case came after *Hustler* ran a 1983 parody ad featuring Reverend Jerry Falwell,

> “YOU GOT TO STAND IN A COURTROOM AND LISTEN TO A JUDGE SENTENCING YOU TO 25 YEARS IN PRISON BEFORE YOU REALIZE THAT FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION CAN NO LONGER BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.”



Larry Flynt
HUSTLER

CINCINNATI OHIO PD
10118-1
43 72

CREDIT: HUSTLER

> **THE PRICE WE PAY FOR LIVING IN A FREE SOCIETY IS TOLERATION. WE HAVE TO TOLERATE THINGS WE DON’T NECESSARILY LIKE IN ORDER TO BE FREE.**

which said the televangelist had lost his virginity to his own mother in an outhouse. The peeved preacher demanded $45 million in damages, and in 1988 the infamous fight went all the way to the Supreme Court, which ruled the satire was covered by the First Amendment.

The tumultuous battle was even lionized in the 1996 flick *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, which memorably featured Oscar-nominated Woody Harrelson as the unsinkable porn magnate, Courtney Love as his late fourth wife, Althea, and Larry himself in a cameo as a judge.

During his lifetime, the self-described “smut peddler who cares” reportedly spent more than $50 million battling foes in court, but also donated millions to free speech causes, argued against the death penalty and championed civil liberties—including same-sex marriage.

Flynt kept up his fighting spirit, even during his final months. In August, he wrote a scathing column for *The Daily Beast*, poking at Jerry Falwell Jr., the namesake son of his old rival. Junior left his high-profile gig at Virginia’s Liberty University following an accusation of an alleged cuckold relationship between his wife and a Miami pool boy. The Falwells denied the sordid charges—but Flynt still skewered the holy roller over the scandal.

The brash mogul, known for his unwavering desire to speak the truth and call out hypocrisy, long maintained freedom of speech was one of America’s most cherished gifts and the cornerstone of democracy, and once said, “The price we pay for living in a free society is toleration. We have to tolerate things we don’t necessarily like in order to be free.”

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS TONIGHT?
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JUNE PET OF THE MONTH

LONE STAR STUNNER

HARLI LOTTS

PHOTOGRAPHER
MS. SANDS

BLONDE bombshell Harli Lotts is always game for a good time. The blue-eyed babe is both an internet streaming sensation and June's Penthouse Pet. The video vixen hails from El Paso, Texas, which she adores for its cultural diversity, stunning desert mountains and beautiful weather. The former cheerleader tells *Penthouse* she can be shy—but her competitive nature has a way of drawing her out of her shell. But who would bother checking the score, when it's so much more fun to keep your eyes on Harli? Looking at her leaves us feeling like winners.

What do you like most about yourself?
I like to think I'm funny—but I guess that's for others to decide.

If you could have sex with anyone, who would it be?
Do fictional characters count? Because I'd have to say Spock.

When are you happiest?
Late at night, when I'm chilling and playing *Call of Duty: Warzone*. I love it!

What qualities do you find appealing in another person?
A sense of humor. Someone who is not afraid to laugh at themselves and knows how to take a joke.

What's your favorite type of music?
My favorite band is Aerosmith. I love Steven Tyler's voice. It gives me chills. But when it comes to music to get me in the mood, it can be either Korn or Arctic Monkeys.

Who are your heroes?
All of my heroes are Marvel characters.

Tell us your ideal date.
It would involve sushi, pool and a jukebox—or maybe even bowling!

What are your turn-ons?
I like hairy men—and being funny goes a long way with me.

Describe your perfect guy.
A mix of John Mulaney and Bo Burnham—with a dash of Loki.

Age: 30
Measurements: 36DDD-26-37
INSTAGRAM: @Harli_Lotts
TWITTER: @HarliLotts
WEBSITE: twitch.tv/harlilotts

“I LOVE BEING DOMINATED.”

—HARLI

OUR READERS' EXOTIC SEXCAPADES BROUGHT TO LIFE

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THE SHADOW OF THE FOREVER WARS

JANUARY 6, 2021—A NEW DAY OF INFAMY. MILITARY SERVICEMEMBERS AND VETERANS OF THE POST-9/11 WARS PLAYED PIVOTAL ROLES ACROSS THE CAPITOL—ON ALL SIDES OF THE CLASH. OUR NATIONAL SECURITY COLUMNIST ASKS: HOW DID WE GET HERE? **BY MATT GALLAGHER**

THE war's come home.

That was the thought that kept racing through my head as I, like most every other American citizen with access to a television, watched the surreal events of Jan. 6 unfold in real time. The backdrop of the U.S. Capitol under a gray January sky felt off. But some of the other images and video seemed more familiar, like something out of a history book. The angry mob on the steps of the Capitol facing off against undermanned and underequipped police, for one. The howling, pervasive rage of the protestors, for another, so certain in the rightness of their cause. The following days would provide even more resonant imagery: National Guardsmen napping while they could in the halls and rotundas of the building, members of Congress and the Senate forced to go through metal detectors, a labyrinth of metal fences and concertina wire surrounding it all.

The war's come home.

From my vantage point, any protestor became an insurrectionist the minute they breached the Capitol, illegally trespassing upon federal property and sullying the American citadel of democracy itself. (What American law says about that distinction will take some time, of course.) One of those insurrectionists was Larry Brock, a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel photographed in the well of the Senate, wearing body armor and a tactical helmet like he was on patrol in Kabul. Another was retired Navy SEAL Adam Newbold, who filmed a viral video about the thrills of the day, while driving back home to Ohio, only to express regret over what happened after the media identified him and the FBI contacted him. An active-duty Army captain stationed at Fort Bragg has also been identified and is being investigated for her alleged role in the storming of the Capitol.

CREDIT: ALLISON EDGE / ISTOCK

And the woman who was shot and killed while entering a secure hallway in the Capitol was also a veteran. Ashli Babbitt served in the Air Force for 14 years, which included deployments to Iraq and Afghanistan. Squaring her reported fringe, conspiracy-laden views—let alone her actions in the Capitol—with her honorable service is not easy, but it's where we're at in 2021.

More, perhaps many more, servicemembers and vets will receive public scrutiny for entering the Capitol on Jan. 6. Consequences await. If convicted of wrongdoing, Brock could well lose his pension, as one example, due to a federal law known as the Hiss Act. As retired Army officer turned civilian-military political scholar Jim Golby tweeted the following week: "The vast majority of veterans are not extremists, but there are a large number of veterans among extremist groups."

Then there's the other side of Jan. 6, also duly represented by Those Who Have Borne the Battle. Heroic policeman Eugene Goodman, who baited the initial breachers into following him upstairs and away from the main Senate entrance? An Army veteran of the 101st Airborne Division and the Iraq war. Slain Capitol Police Officer Brian Sicknick was also an Iraq veteran, having deployed to the region with the Air National Guard as part of Operation Desert Shield in the early '90s. Other Americans killed him while he was on duty, and he will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Inside the building's chambers were combat veterans, too. Like Congressman Ruben Gallego of Arizona—another veteran of Iraq, with the Marines—who helped evacuating colleagues put on their gas masks. And Congressman Jason Crow of Colorado—of the Army's 82nd Airborne and 75th Ranger Regiment, in Iraq and Afghanistan—who comforted terrified, and temporarily trapped, colleagues and was the last legislator to leave the floor. Both men displayed leadership in the unforgiving minute, like the ole Kipling poem "If—" goes. Both also later likened what happened to combat, and how their brains and bodies simply flipped a switch to their former selves.

There were more, certainly, on all the various sides, with connections to the forever wars of their recent pasts, some using them as justification for their actions in the present. There were still others, like the many hundreds of thousands in the crowd at the Ellipse park who remained there, believing, then and after, they'd been part of a peaceful, patriotic display sullied by bad actors and chaos agents.

MAYBE THIS WAS A COORDINATED EFFORT AND PLOT, LIKE SOME EARLY REPORTAGE SUGGESTS. MAYBE NOT. MAYBE IT REALLY IS AS SIMPLE AS THINGS GETTING WAY OUT OF HAND.

On the day after Jan. 6, I talked on the phone to one of these men and his wife, supporters of Donald Trump and also of their constitutional right to peaceably assemble. We served together in Iraq. He's a patriot and like a brother to me. John Wayne has nothing on this man in terms of understanding duty and exemplifying service. He and his wife had a powerful experience the morning of Jan. 6 at the rally. That happened. It was real, and it matters.

Then everything else happened, and he rightly suspects what came after will be what the history books remember. Is that fair? No. And also yes. Hell if I know. I wasn't there. But my brother, my sibling, was. Locked down on the first floor of the Capitol, in a safe room with his colleagues, some of whom were weeping. Others were praying. My brother told jokes because that's who he is—he wanted to calm the others as best he could. My family and I couldn't get ahold of him for hours. We were terrified. He's not a politician; he's a person who simply went to work that morning. This is the text he sent me that night, when he finally got home: "Hearing the Capitol police officers getting their asses kicked and asking for help and not being able to do anything is all I can think about right now."

He's still thinking about it. A lot. He's a good human. So is my friend who attended the rally. This country needs all the good humans it can get right now.

The wars were fuel for some there that day, a reflexive memory for others. Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria and beyond—a multitude of understandings and takeaways were all there on Jan. 6, swirling, clashing, shadows and ghosts driving violent force in some, peace-making in others. That's the thing with war, of course: No two experiences are ever the same, even when—maybe especially when—they're from folks who were there together. If I've learned nothing from writing about it—whether my own journey or those of others—it's that. Subjective reality is the prism we all operate life through.

But nations, and our American republic in particular, need objective truth to sustain and thrive.

People died on Jan. 6. Lives were permanently scarred from Jan. 6. Folks who just attended the peaceful part of Jan. 6 have now sent their families into hiding, and some are having their restaurants boycotted. It's going to take many months, if not longer, to sort through exactly what happened that day and why. Maybe this was a coordinated effort and plot, like some early reportage suggests. Maybe not. Maybe it really is as simple as things getting way out of hand. I want more than anything for it be a one-off or the end of something, but I know deep in my skinny Irish bones it's anything but. It's a new beginning. A dark one, at that.

In a small Brooklyn apartment on the night of Jan. 6, after I heard from my brother, I didn't know what do but crack a few beers. I watched some more TV, then turned it off, which is often the wise choice for us all. I sat in the dark and listened to the sleeping sounds of my two young boys. They deserve to grow up believing in their country, loving their country, as I knew it and know it still: the United States of America. United being the key word. I put on a song, a classic, one I used to listen to with my brother as boys before we went outside to play solider.

"The Battle Cry of Freedom," and its ultimate refrain: The Union forever.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel Empire City.

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ANTE UP

MY buddy Dan’s card game was made up of a diverse set of players, including two women. And, frankly, during the table talk, the gals were being as candid and smug about their sexual conquests as the men.

The get-together had a slack, frolicsome feel to it. The bets were set low, so no one was there to get rich. The camaraderie was infectious. Already I’d heard a few eye-popping tales as the cards were casually shuffled and dealt and we played hand after hand.

The stories were slowly working their way around the table. I was being saved for last. Dan had clued me in ahead of time that I would be asked to contribute a tale or two. But I hadn’t realized how serious the storytelling was. I was going to have to come up with something very erotic and crowd-pleasing, if I was going to keep up with the others.

We were at Dan’s place up in the hills. He had a great view through his bay window, but I was blind to it. Ostensibly, I was concentrating on the game. But really I was furtively studying the other players.

There was Jorge, on my left. He’d opened with a lovely, lurid tale of getting stranded at a rundown motel in the middle of a downpour. He’d been in a band, and wires had gotten crossed and he’d been left behind after a gig. He described the woman working the motel desk as a ravishing specimen he’d barely noticed at first.

It was only when he was in his shabby room trying to get a signal on his cell that her beauty caught up with him. He phoned the office, telling the woman he didn’t have any hot water, thinking he’d make a Hail Mary pass at her when she arrived.

There was a knock on his door. He opened it, and there she stood, naked but for a pair of sandals, beads of rainwater glistening all over her bare, perfect form, a wrench in her hand—just for show. She smiled sensually, and he stepped back so she could enter.

Or Holly, next to Jorge. She’d skillfully unspooled an account of the time she’d lured a pair of college-age guys into a bathroom compartment on a train. She vividly described the sensual rocking motion of the coach as it clicked along the rails. The quarters had been wonderfully cramped, forcing all parties concerned to get very close. She got down to the nitty-gritty, where she stood between the two, gripping an overhead bar, while one buck fucked her pussy and the other her ass.

And so on and so on. Their stories were a smorgasbord of carnal narratives, each course served up with gusto. There were no blushes or demure smiles. Nobody giggled nervously. Every tale was met with appreciation, and every one had a kind of over-the-top pornographic verve to it—as if these were situations that could happen to anyone if only the erotic fates were smiling down beneficently.

Still, I had the nagging suspicion that no one was bullshitting. Did I have anything that was in the same league as those stories? Dan must have figured I could contribute something to the group or he wouldn’t have invited me.

The cards were dealt. The person on my right, Gregor, was just finishing up. Everyone cheered the—literal—climax of his tale. Then attention slowly shifted to me. I felt all those eyes—and the expectations behind them.

The bet had been made and called for that particular hand. It was time to show our cards, and I grinned excitedly. Not only did I have a great hand, it had touched off the ideal memory to share with this bunch.

I laid down three queens. Three ladies. Three of a kind.

And I said, “So, let me tell you about this one incredible experience I had.”

I had worked for a time in entertainment, in the casting division for a busy studio.

I was hardly in an important position. I wasn’t an exec, just a glorified gofer. My days were spent running around with a tablet, calling names and keeping everybody organized.

One of our directors had this thing where he liked to cast at least one unknown in his films, to inject new blood into the production, he claimed. That usually meant cattle calls, which were open auditions. And those brought every—and I mean every—wannabe and poseur in Los Angeles, all thinking this was their shot.

On one particular project, the director had called for a very specific physical type. So on cattle call day, the studio was overrun by ripe youngish blondes with gym-perfect bodies. Some, my discerning eye told me, had gotten dye jobs just for the occasion.

A great air of anxious expectancy hung in the air. I and the other assistants placed the women into groups, assigned them numbers and made sure all the names checked out.

The audition scene had been handed out ahead of time. Throughout the giant soundstage was a babble of voices all reciting the same lines. Virtually every one of these hopeful women was trying to get in a little last-minute practice.

I could tell which ones stood a chance in hell and which were fooling themselves. I treated everybody with the same courtesy, but I was secretly scouting the gems among the amateurs.

Out of the dozens of women on hand, I zeroed in on three who had both the right physical look and exhibited a natural spark of talent.

As I made my rounds in the chaos, I would lean in to each one and whisper something insightful about the character. I knew what the director was after. So

I would say, “Be strong, but with an underlying vulnerability,” or “She’s assertive but not mean.”

The three women expressed their appreciation.

Anyway, it was a long, grueling day, but it finally ended. I went out to my favorite diner/bar to decompress. I sat down with a beer and sandwich, pleased with the clandestine influence I might have exerted that day. Maybe one of “my” three would get cast.

Just as I was finishing up, somebody tapped my shoulder. I turned, and I was surprised to find it was one of the three. And behind her was the second of the trio. And behind her was another.

All three women, all grinning at me in the crowded joint. Three blonde-haired beauties, alike enough that I thought I might be seeing triple.

“I’m Ginny,” said the one who’d tapped my shoulder. “That’s Roxanne and Simone. We went to the casting call together and were comparing notes afterward.”

I struggled to gain my voice but managed to ask, “Uh, how did the auditions go?”

“Great,” said Roxanne.

“Thanks to you,” finished Simone. Those three radiant smiles still shone. I could almost feel the heat coming off them. I asked if they cared to join me. Little tickles of impossible fantasy were already teasing my brain and body. It was fun to imagine the possibilities.

“Why don’t we get out of here?” Ginny said. “I live closest.”

Dazed, I agreed. I had thought I would be leaving just with Ginny, but Roxanne and Simone came along, everybody laughing and in high spirits.

Ginny had a modest L.A. apartment. The women poured wine, and I helped toast their “success,” even though nobody would know for some time if they had won the part. They gabbed happily. I learned they’d all come from different parts of the country, seeking the same Hollywood dream. They had known one another for several months.

I was on the couch, with Roxanne and Simone on either side of me. Ginny sat across from us. After a time, I realized the women next to me had both edged closer. Thighs touched thighs. They casually brushed my arms. It felt like the room was getting hotter.

It was exciting, but the math just didn’t work for my brain. I tried to rise as I said, “I should leave you to your celebration.”

Ginny leaned forward, pressing her hands on my shoulders to keep me seated.

“Do you really want to go before we properly thank you?” she asked.

Roxanne and Simone were now stroking my hair and cheeks. I still couldn’t believe what seemed to be happening. Stupidly, I asked, “Why would you ... ?”

But I couldn’t even finish the sentence.

Ginny said, “Because you helped us without asking for anything in return. We’ve all dealt with a lot of lying sleazes in this town. It’s nice to meet a decent man. A sexy one, too.”

“Her pussy clasped my intruding fingers, and I felt her juices spill over them.”

That seemed to be a sentiment shared by all three. Now their hands were moving over my clothes and my body. Simone unbuttoned my shirt. Roxanne slid her palm over my crotch and rubbed the mighty bulge there.

Ginny stood and unselfconsciously stripped. Her body was stunning with firm, high tits. Someone opened my fly, and a hand groped inside my pants for my straining cock.

Simone and Roxanne helped me to my feet. I left behind my clothing and followed naked Ginny to her bedroom. Her two friends, quickly undressing, followed closely behind us.

By some great fortune, Ginny had a big bed. My cock was pulsing crazily. I wanted to get my hands on Ginny’s rack, but the other two closed in on either side and drew me down onto the broad mattress. Their bare bodies undulated against mine as their hands continued to roam.

Roxanne’s mouth fell hungrily on mine, and our tongues tangled immediately. Simone nibbled on my shoulder. Her hand was between my legs, playing with my nutsac. Pleasure swelled inside me. No doubt my come was already simmering.

I reached out and squeezed a full luscious tit. Simone’s nipple sprang fiercely erect as she gasped. Still frenching with Roxanne, I slipped my other hand between her silken thighs and traced her wet slit. She wriggled pleasurably against me.

I delved deeper into Roxanne’s waiting wetness, and her pussy clenched around my two fingers. I coaxed the swollen bud of her clit with my thumb. Meanwhile, Simone was kissing her way down my body. I was trapped on my back, but it was a nice position to be trapped in—especially when Ginny finally joined us on the bed.

She stood above me, and I gazed up in rapture at the gleaming stripe of her pussy, even as I continued to finger-fuck Roxanne. Simone’s southward journey at last arrived at my cock. Her hot breath on my dick sent shivers of fearsome desire through me.

Her mouth closed over me, and I released an appreciative groan. Her tongue swirled my knob, the tip flicking in and out of my slit. Then the sweet circle of her lips descended. She kept up a lovely suction, and her tongue didn’t rest for a second. She bobbed up and down on me, sucking me to my balls every time.

I seemed to be suddenly soaring up toward Ginny. But I realized in my growing delirium that it was only Ginny squatting over my face. I put out my tongue, eagerly anticipating her taste.

She curtseyed right on my open mouth, and I shot my tongue up inside her. Her beautiful feminine tang filled my mouth, seemingly consuming all my senses. I licked hungrily, determined to zero in on her clit.

At that moment, Roxanne gasped and clutched me tightly. Her pussy clasped my intruding fingers, and I felt her juices spill over them. Simone kept up an expert sucking rhythm. She wasn’t

MODEL: JENNA LEE / PHOTOGRAPHER: SEBBY RAW

trying to push me over the edge, just keep me interested.

Believe me, I was plenty fucking interested.

Ginny ground down on my face. I cupped her lush ass in both hands and continued eating her. Her nubby clit was swollen and sensitive. I bathed it with my tongue, then stroked it harder and harder. A cry built in her throat, rising through several octaves.

When she came, her sauce poured into my mouth. I swallowed everything, savoring the intense intimate flavor. Eventually she rolled off me, and I gasped happily for air.

While I did, Simone abandoned her blowjob efforts and leapt nimbly up onto me. She stradded my body, fitting my spit-wet cockhead into her streaming pussy. Before I could even lift my head to watch, she'd slammed herself down onto me, taking every inch and fully impaling herself.

Bliss overwhelmed me. As Simone started riding me vigorously, I answered her movements with upward thrusts. Her tits bounced, and her blonde tresses flew. I was surrounded by honey-colored hair. It was everywhere in the room. As were the flashing glimpses of hot naked female flesh, the physiques so perfect and similar. That delirium came back on me, spinning my head and blurring my vision. I was with multiple women, but it was also like they were one. It was a weird, mysterious and absolutely awesome sensation.

Ginny lay down beside me and proceeded to lick all of her juices off my chin and mouth. Then we were kissing deeply as Simone flew into an orgasmic fit. She bounced wildly on my bone and shouted out as her pussy muscles tightened around me.

She'd gone over the edge too quickly to take me with her. I was glad she hadn't when, as soon as she'd climbed off me, Roxanne took her place.

Through a haze of erotic joy, I watched the second woman lower herself onto my pole. Roxanne was kneading her right tit as she sank onto me. I reached up to fondle her other breast. My cock disappeared up inside her, a magic trick that never ever gets old.

She planted her feet, I set my hips, and she plunged down on me as I met her with a rising thrust. She took up a steady driving tempo, like someone who knew where she wanted to go and how she wanted to get there.

I jammed my cock up into her, loving the squeeze of her slick interior. Ginny stayed grinning beside me, watching with blazing eyes as her friend rocked up and down on my shaft. I wondered distantly if the three of them had done this before. Really, I didn't care if they did it every week. I was just glad to have my turn. This was like a pornographic dream come true.

This time, I deliberately held back. I just stayed within the moment and enjoyed the sensations without giving in to my waiting climax. I'd fucked two of these women, but I wanted to shoot my load inside Ginny. She was the first one I'd approached that day with secret advice. And even though the three looked very much alike, I thought her the prettiest—which was saying something, considering the hot blonde currently riding my cock and the one who'd just had her go. Both women were exquisite. I relished the moment when Roxanne tossed back her head, howled her joy and came while riding me in a frenzy.

"Through a haze, I watched the second woman lower herself onto my pole."

I was panting as Roxanne climbed off me, and I turned to Ginny. I was still flat on my back, hadn't moved the whole time, and was content to have her take her turn. Would she want to?

Yes. Still sporting her feral grin, Ginny swung up onto me, taking my slick cock in her hand and fitting it to herself. She dropped onto me, eyes locked with mine the entire time. Her knees dug into my sides, and she planted her hands on my heaving chest.

"I'm gonna fuck you," she growled.

And so she did. Simone had been frenzied. Roxanne had been methodical. Ginny was ... incredible. Her every movement brimmed with jungle-cat sensuality. Her eyes sparkled with delight, and there was no doubt how much she was enjoying riding my cock. Pleasure seemed to radiate from her every pore, making her glisten.

Her hands pressed down in the center of my chest. I thrust up into her. I should have been tired from the motion, but as her pace increased, so did mine. With renewed energy, I fucked upward. She pounded down on me mercilessly.

We were locked together. I felt her every muscular movement, every gasping breath. I even fed off her sexual energy, adding it to my own seething pleasure. The ecstasy was becoming too much, threatening to engulf me.

Suddenly she writhed, her nails digging into me. I didn't mind it at all. As I felt her convulsing into climax, I could finally let go. I unloaded spurt after spurt up into her. The intensity of sensation was overwhelming. I literally almost blacked out.

When I came back to my senses, a worry nagged at me. Could I go again and satisfy all three women for a second round? Maybe they could help out.

I didn't even complete the thought. While I was in a post-orgasmic stupor, the lovely blonde trio had fallen into a grappling, groping pile. I couldn't tell one from the other as they licked and sucked and kissed and fingered one another. I was sure I'd be welcomed into the proceedings when I was ready, but the pressure to perform wouldn't all be on me. What a relief.

At some point, as I told my tale to my companions, the cards had stopped being dealt. The faces around the table gaped at me. I gave them a slow smug smile. That night, it seemed, three of a kind could beat anything.

—L. Jaymes

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

RED-HOT MAMAS SHARE THEIR CARNAL KNOWLEDGE WITH EAGER YOUNG BUCKS ON THE MAKE.

STILL IN THE GAME

WITH a lunge to my right and a quick cross step, I swatted the tennis ball, just clearing the net. We were playing doubles. Me and Jacki versus Jacki's nephew and his friend, whose name was Dirk. Dirk, frankly, was a stud.

Too bad he was close to half my age.

I had to give the game my all just to keep up, while Dirk and Jacki's nephew seemed to be lobbing balls back to us with carefree ease.

Tennis had once been my life. But these days, it was keeping me from sliding into middle-aged disrepair. The game helped keep my body toned and trim, even if I wasn't as sharp a player as I'd been in the old days. Even though I had a kid who was barely older than Dirk.

But I knew I'd be feeling the effects of that match later in the form of sore muscles. Still, the eye candy on the other side of the net was nice. Dirk was all gliding movements and fluid backhands. He had a good eye, too.

Jacki gave it her grunting best. She was my age. I didn't know what had possessed her to take on her nephew and his friend. We lost the game, but at least we made it close. The boys were very gracious winners.

Dirk shook my hand, holding it for longer than necessary. I didn't mind his touch. Then he dropped his voice so Jacki, gabbing to her nephew, wouldn't hear us and said, "I'd like to play you sometime. Just us. Would you like that?"

"I would," I said huskily.

We set a day and time. I didn't tell Jacki about it. Our appointed "date" already had the feeling of a tryst.

When the day came, I was as prepped for a game as I'd been in years. I'd been practicing my ass off. We met at the same court, just the two of us. He gave me a dazzling smile.

"I'm so glad you came," he said.

I caught myself before I turned his words into a dirty riposte. I didn't want to put him off. Men my age were after me all the time, but I didn't often draw guys in their mid-20s anymore.

We started the match. The ball went back and forth. He had excellent range, but I'd always had a good first step and was able to keep up. Dirk was full of exuberant energy on his side of the court. I loved how his white outfit hugged his keen lines. He had strong limbs and a firm butt I wanted to bite.

He edged me out in our first set. I bounced the ball, staring across the net. Something unseemly had occurred to me. I asked, "Hey, are you going easy on me?"

> **"With breath chugging from his lips, he started stroking in and out of me."**

He gaped. "Are you kidding? I'm giving you everything I've got."

I threw myself into the next set. I watched him closely. He really did appear to be going all out. I amped it up even more, giving him my best stuff. I took the lead, then somehow I stayed ahead of him.

Making the game shot to take set two, 6-4, I let out a cry of triumph. He came to shake my hand, like a good sport. I was trembling with exertion, flying on endorphins. Maybe that was what gave me the courage to ask: "You want to use up the rest of your stamina on a third set, or do you want to try it out on me?"

His eyes lit up.

"I've been wanting to say something like that since I met you." Still holding my hand, he pulled me right up to the net. I gasped, and then our mouths came together. I boldly thrust my tongue into his mouth. He kissed me harder, his hands resting on my body. Desire blossomed within me, and he reached down to draw up my skirt.

With my urgency mirroring his, I said, "We need to get off this court."

Dirk had a noticeable hard-on as I led him to my car. We raced to my place, and I pulled him through my front door and down the hall to my bedroom. We flung off our sweaty tennis gear as we went and arrived eager and naked at the foot of my bed.

"How about a shower?" Dirk proposed.

We headed to the bathroom and were soon together beneath streaming hot water.

He kneaded my breasts robustly, bringing my nipples to aching stiffness. I groped the twin swells of his ass as he rubbed his hard cock against my belly. Steam spilled out the open door, back into the bedroom, and we followed it after a cursory drying with towels.

Our damp bodies hit the bed, and our mouths devoured one another. He kissed like he played tennis—giving it his all. I met his slavering tongue with mine. As I did, I reached down and grabbed hold of his cock.

It was warm and stiff in my grip. I pumped his shaft, and he moaned into my open mouth. His hand slithered between my thighs. When his fingertips grazed my slick cleft, I bucked with pleasure. Heat raced within me; desire was alive and bright in my deepest recesses.

The dazed look on his face told me he was relishing my body, which was a vast relief. No buyer's remorse that he'd gone to bed with a woman my age. I certainly didn't feel a flicker of disappointment. He was as splendid and fit as I'd expected.

I had to have a taste of him.

I kissed a path down his throat, then licked a southward line on his firm pecs. I pressed my open mouth to his six-pack abs before slipping down between his muscular thighs. His sturdy cock reared up before my face.

Cupping his balls gently in my hand, I breathed on his cockhead. I lowered my mouth onto his swollen crown, and I ran my tongue over him. With the ring of my lips sealed around his shaft, I descended lower and lower, sucking him down to where I cradled his sac. He let out a ragged cry.

I answered with a groan as I kept the length of him in my mouth. The resulting humjob made him claw at the bed. I decided to keep it up, bobbing my head up and down as I delivered a growling accompaniment.

He started saying, "So good! So good! That humming."

But his words devolved into helpless gibberish. The flavor of him excited me; I had to have his jizz. Judging by his temperament, his release wasn't far off.

Dirk tried to warn me about his imminent orgasm, but he couldn't speak words anymore. That was OK. I knew exactly what I was doing. I kept up the suction and maintained my relentless rhythm. I was ready when he let his first spurt loose. Spew after spew followed, and I swallowed every bit of his cream.

I rolled onto my back, panting, with my eyes closed. There was movement beside me. Was it Dirk getting up? Were we done? Maybe I'd been a little greedy.

Wrong. He spread my legs and shouldered in between my thighs. I felt his hot breath on my streaming pussy. When his tongue touched my groove, I jumped and pleasure flooded my senses.

He took his time; Dirk had excellent technique. His tongue opened me, and he delved inside. My excitement rose and rose before he focused on my clit.

He worked the eager little bud like a master, his tongue flicking up and down and batting it gently. He even took it between his lips and ever so delicately nibbled on it. I moaned as my climax rattled me to my core.

I caught my breath and opened my eyes to see Dirk rising from between my legs. His cock was as hard as a rock all over again. I'd forgotten about the bounce-back stamina of young men.

He climbed onto me. I drew up my knees, practically to my shoulders. I wanted him to go deep; I wanted all of him. He brought his cockhead to my

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brimming pussy entrance and slowly slid his shaft into me.

The pleasure was exquisite as he reamed my hole. The living girth of him awoke fresh excitement in me. He leaned his firm weight on me, and I caressed his body, fondling his taut muscles. His cock bottomed out. I felt him plunge into my deepest depths as my spasming pussy clutched him tightly.

With breath chugging from his lips, he started stroking in and out of me rhythmically. I pulled his face down toward mine and licked my juices off his mouth. He responded by fucking me harder, and I snarled happily.

Our bodies smacked together, creating a lovely carnal cacophony. I felt so alive. I was still vibrant, still in the game. Dirk was a wonderful partner. He might never know what he'd done for me.

I lifted my hips to meet his thrusts. He was slamming away, and I watched the control slip from his handsome face. Seconds after he came again, I was right there with him, riding the wave of ecstasy and reaffirming my own sexual worth. Game, set and match.

—Name and address withheld

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

MY first job was mowing Ms. J's lawn. Secretly, I called her Ms. Knockers since those were her most prominent feature—her oversized tits. I know, original.

Some guys may fantasize about the cute chick on campus or maybe one of the booty-shaking hotties on TikTok. Yeah, I've yanked it to all the above and more. But when it came to a real woman in the flesh, those girls couldn't compare to my next-door neighbor in a tight tank top washing her car on the weekend. She defined the term MILF. Not that I'd ever fucked an older woman, but given the chance I'd show her the benefits of considering a younger guy such as myself.

I'd heard through the grapevine that Ms. J had divorced, and her kid had gone off to a university somewhere on the East Coast. When I came home from college for spring break, her normally pristine yard looked in need of some loving.

Of course, I offered to help. She answered the door in a sheer white cover-up, her long blonde hair hung in waves around her face and her full lips were shaded with the slightest pink tint. That cover-up failed its job because it showed off everything underneath—namely her knockout figure in a barely there bikini. My cock instantly perked up as my teenage fantasies swirled in my head.

"Ma'am," I said with a polite nod of my head. I held my work gloves in front of my crotch to hide the obvious bulge in my pants.

"Don't you start," she scolded playfully. "You know me better than that. It's Heidi."

> **"She puckered her lips around me, and I fucked her mouth. She took all I gave her."**

Heidi opened her arms, inviting me in for a hug and crushing her plush boobs against me.

"It's good to see you, Heidi."

After some chitchat, Heidi joked about me remembering my way around her garage. She followed me out, and while I gathered the mower and gardening tools, she pulled off that damn cover-up and stretched out on a lounger by the pool.

"You don't mind if I catch some rays while you're out here, do you?" she asked, bending one knee and dragging her foot up along her other leg.

My hungry eyes couldn't help but follow her movements, my gaze traveling upward until it hit the "V" between her legs.

I coughed nervously and said, "Not at all."

Heidi was wearing the skimpiest hot pink bikini. The tiny triangle top barely covered her nipples. I ogled her as I pushed the mower. How was I supposed to concentrate with that bronzed body on display?

After I finished a large section of her property, she waved me over.

"Are you thirsty?" She ran her fingers along my bare arm, and I shivered.

Thirsty enough to slide my cock into some wet snatch, I thought. But I settled for the lemonade she offered.

She leaned over a small table as she served the drinks. Her bright pink thong drew my attention to her ass.

Awkwardly, I shifted my package, hoping my hard-on wasn't so obvious. Unfortunately, the movement caught her eye, and then she looked at me and licked her lips. Her predatory face told me she knew.

"I think it's time for a break," she said, moving closer to me.

Did that mean what I thought it did? Never did I imagine she'd be interested in the likes of me. If I reached out, I'd be able to grab the ass that I'd admired for years. Did I dare? The moment seemed to carry on forever.

"Tell me, Jason, do you like older women?" Her bottom lipped jutted out in a sexy pout, and that sealed my decision.

"You. I like you." Something that sounded like a low growl escaped from my throat, and I placed my glass on the table and closed the space between us, pressing my body against hers. The heat from the sun and her body sank through my clothes.

"Is this all right?" I asked her.

"It's about time, Jason." Her lips brushed against mine, and the action picked up from there.

Yes, I grabbed that firm ass and held her against me. Heidi wrapped her arms around my back and slipped her hands under my shirt. She dug her nails into my skin, and I arched toward her.

I pulled on the strings from behind her back. It didn't take much for the tiny scrap of fabric to fall, revealing her tempting pink nipples. I dipped my head, taking one between my lips, and sucked. With my fingers, I caressed the other, squeezing and pinching it.

She cupped my bulge, squeezing me and making me breathless. She unzipped my shorts and slid her hand inside to fondle my cock and balls. Fuck yeah.

She slid against my body, sinking down to her knees. She took my shorts and boxers along the way. My cock was more than happy to be free, popping out and bobbing before her face.

What a turn-on to have her on her knees before me. She parted her lips and teased the crown of my cock with her tongue. She lapped at my shaft with broad strokes. Heidi then circled her lips around my cockhead, sucking lightly, before encouraging me to recline on the lounger.

I leaned back and spread my thighs. She resumed her oral worship of my dick as I wrapped her long hair around my fist and tugged. My cock plunged deeply into her mouth, hitting the back of her throat. She tilted her head back the slightest amount, taking me deep.

She puckered her lips around me, and I fucked her mouth. She took all I gave her like a pro.

Her responding moan told me I had free rein. The feeling of pressure built in my balls, and I knew I was going to blow. I briefly stilled my thrusting and said, “I’m gonna come.”

There was no stopping me. She held on to my ass and drank down my load, leaving me spent and shuddering. I was still wearing my T-shirt and tennis shoes.

A glance down gave me the perfect view of her magnificent tits with barely a hint of tan lines. I wasn’t done with her yet. I wanted more.

Heidi placed the softest of kisses on the head of my flagging cock. Then, with a firm grip on my shaft, she tugged on it playfully and said, “Why don’t we continue this somewhere more comfortable?”

I was more than happy to follow her wherever she wanted to go. At the sliding glass door, I ditched my shoes. We ended up in what looked to be a guest room. Heidi lifted off my shirt and spent a few minutes appreciating the view.

“Look how handsome you are. You’ve certainly grown up well.”

My cock appreciated the attention. Within a few minutes, it was throbbing and rising again, ready for round two.

“Impressive. Look at you, raring to go again. But I gotta warn you—you’re going to have to work for it this time.”

That damn barely there bathing suit bottom slipped over her hips, and I guided her onto the bed. The lightest peach fuzz covered her mound, and I settled between her tanned legs. More than happy to reciprocate, I flicked my tongue over her nub and slipped a finger into her pussy.

“Bucking up my hips, I thrust into her harder as she met me bounce for bounce.”

Age didn’t matter at that moment. Her body reacted exactly as I wanted. She was wet and ready for me.

“Mmm, that feels good.” She raised her hips, eagerly encouraging me.

One finger became two and then three, as I pumped into her. She worked her hips, setting a fast pace, and I continued to lap at her clit.

Within a few moments, she was climaxing, flying high and begging for more. Who was I not to give it to her?

Climbing atop her, I positioned the head of my cock at her welcoming entrance.

“Is this OK?” I asked. If there’s one thing they’ve drilled into us at college, it’s “yes means yes.” I thought about a condom, but goddamn she felt fine as I slid up and down her juicy slit.

“Yes. I’m on the pill.”

Those magic words. As I inserted those first few inches, it took every bit of willpower not to immediately fuck her hard and raw. Slowly, I pressed in, feeling her walls and my world expand. It sounds existential, but what else did I expect from a teenage dream turned reality.

Finally, I buried my cock in deep, the base rubbing against her clit as I fuck her fast and hard. We were wild and furious for a few minutes, and right when I felt that telltale tightening at the base of my sac, I stopped, tamping down my impending climax.

That impatient hellcat clawed at my back and whimpered, all but begging me to keep humping her. But I wanted the moment to last; I wanted her to remember me. My first climax had taken the edge off. I wanted to slow-bang her.

“Who’s the one in control now?” I asked, withdrawing from her pussy. I sat on the bed, back against the headboard, and my proud cock stood straight up.

“If you want it, come ride me,” I told her.

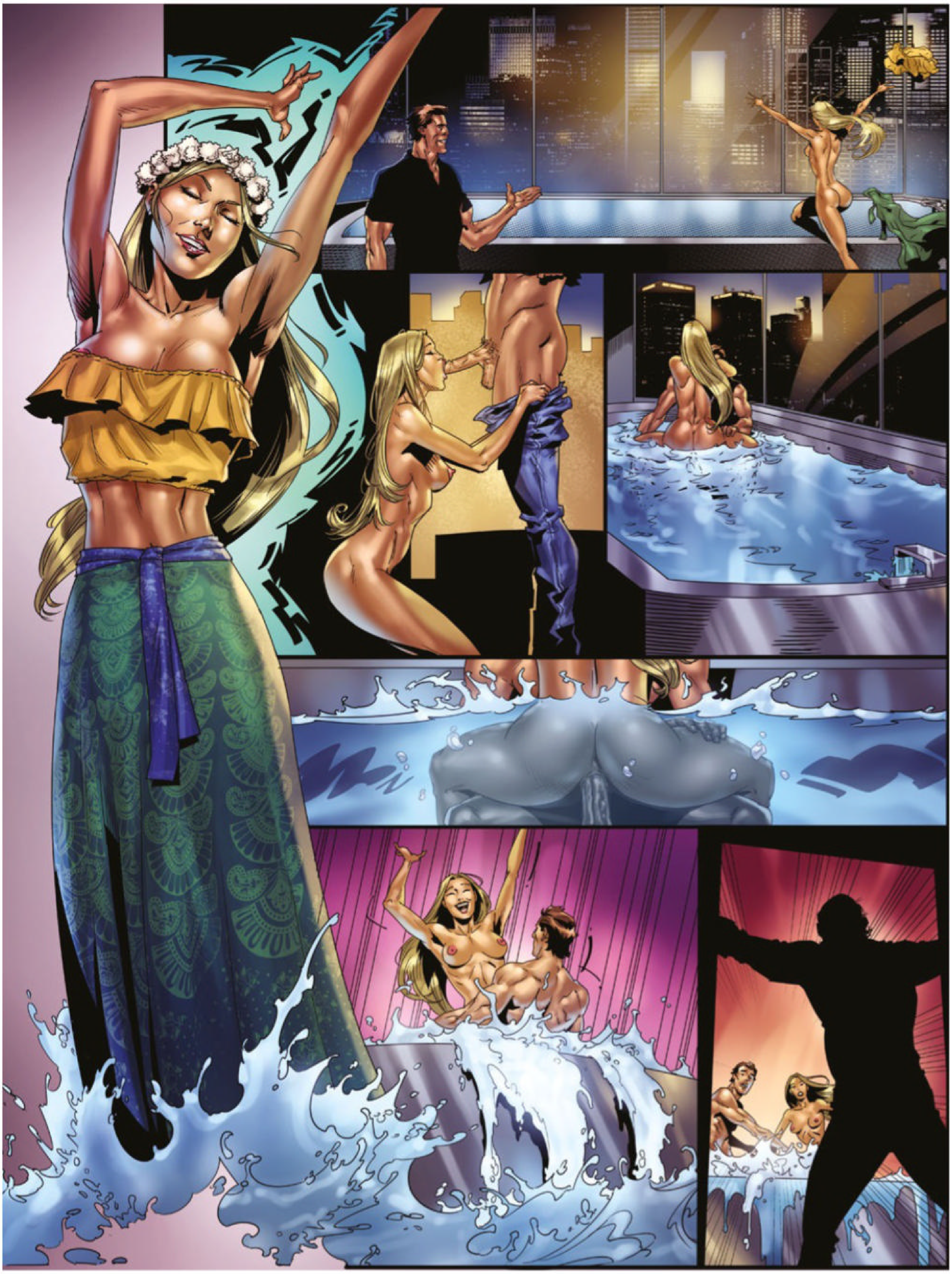
And that’s exactly what she did. She straddled my body and impaled herself on my shaft. Bucking up my hips, I thrust into her harder as she met me bounce for bounce. The bedsprings squeaked, and those buxom tits bounced in my face. Her lips opened in a wide “O,” and her blonde mane flew every which way.

That image of her imprinted on my brain as we both came. My cock throbbed inside her, and she lay limp against me, breathing hard.

They say, “Love thy neighbor,” and I was in a very neighborly mood.

—J.W., San Diego, Calif.

If you’ve ever gotten lucky with a friend’s mom, take our advice: Don’t tell your friend—tell us! And Mom, you can tell us, too! Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department MILF, 828328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

MAKING A SPLASH

My girlfriend, Maggie, is a bit of a throwback hippie. Yeah, she's 25 like me. But she dresses in flowy boho skirts and likes to dance barefoot with flower crowns in her long blonde hair. She's also really into astrology and takes her Pisces star sign seriously—in that she loves fucking in water. I've boned her in remote lakes and desolate swimming pools—and we've screwed in my walk-in shower more times than I can count. She lives in a shitty little studio apartment with a tiny bathroom and a miniscule tub that doesn't allow for any sort of amorous acrobatics, and she's waxed rhapsodic about her old place that had a massive clawfoot tub that was "totally rad for fucking."

That's why I decided to surprise her with a weekend at a penthouse apartment with a tremendous whirlpool tub that would make her wet in more ways than one.

I'd scoped it out on a short-term rental site. The entire place had a high-end modern design, but I only cared about the tub. Square-shaped and tremendous, it was like a motherfucking swimming pool set in front of wall-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the city.

But Maggie didn't give a rat's ass about the view. As soon as she saw that luxe tub on the first night of our stay, she squealed and started stripping—and I rushed to turn on the tap.

While warm water gushed into the tub, I feasted my eyes on the sight of Maggie's beautiful body as she peeled off each item of clothing. Tanned and toned, she's like some sort of fairy-tale nymph—albeit one with floral tattoos climbing up her slender limbs. My dick quickly sprang to hardness as my slinky girlfriend stalked toward me.

Without a word, Maggie dropped to her knees and yanked down my boxer briefs and slacks. My cock popped up, and she took my rock-hard rod into her mouth. As she hungrily sucked on me, I shoved my hands into her hair, holding on to her bobbing head as I also attempted to get a grip on my sanity.

Her mouth provided the perfect amount of suction as she slurped on my shaft, and the way her tongue swirled and slithered around my erection threatened to do me in.

I eased her back and nodded toward the tub. It was more than halfway full, so I flicked the switch to activate the jets. Steam rose from the swirling water, and I stripped and extended a hand to Maggie, leading her into the tub with me. I sat on one of the corner seats, and my girl immediately climbed aboard my cock.

Before I met Maggie, I never really enjoyed the whole fucking underwater thing. Probably because it always seemed to wash away the girl's natural lube, which rarely made for smooth sailing. But Maggie's pussy always flowed like a river, and I swear her snatch got even more wet whenever she was in water.

At this point, I wasn't interested in the window's panoramic view, either. My eyes were focused on Maggie's flushed face and her teacup-sized tits as she vigorously bounced on my boner. I leaned forward and sucked on one of her little pink nipples, and she squealed with delight and clawed at my shoulders.

I leaned back against the tub ledge and let Maggie to her thing. A beautiful blush had blossomed on her chest and was creeping up toward her face. The way she was writhing and moaning made me think she was on the fast track to her first orgasm of the night.

We were catty-corner from the faucet, and the tub was nearly full. But I didn't want to stop Maggie, who was barreling toward her climax like a freight train. After all, the floors were tiled; there was no harm in spilling a little water, or so I'd thought.

I closed my eyes and forgot about everything. Instead, I focused on the feeling of her snug pussy spasming around my shaft as she rode toward her finish line. Maggie orgasmic cries grew louder and more high-pitched, but underneath the racket, I also noted the sound of water sloshing out of the tub and splashing onto the floor. But I was still determined to wait her out. I was pretty sure there were enough towels to mop up the mess.

But we must have lost track of time. Suddenly, I heard a slam as the bathroom door flew open—followed by Maggie's shriek. She covered her bare tits with her hands, and I turned to see the building's red-faced superintendent barking at us about water leaking through the ceiling of the apartment below.

He ordered us to get our shit and leave. Talk about a wet blanket.

—B.K., New York, N.Y.

FLASHBACK

STRIPPED FOR SUMMER

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STELLA HEADLEY

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I WAS A MALE BLUE FILM MODEL
JAN CREMER ON THE ISLE OF NO MORALS
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